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DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY R. C. HAYDEN.

My tree of life in springtime promised well,
The buds of faith and hope were full and fair,
The blossoms with rich fragrance filled the air,
Making my pathway sweeter where they fell.

The fruit appeared; I watched its growth with care,
Dark clouds of doubt and fear hung o'er my tree.
"Your fruit's in danger," oft was said to me;
That it might live to ripen was my prayer.

In autumn time, my fruitage gathered in,
Perfect it seemed, and to myself I said:
"How poor the fruit when faith and hope are dead!
Mine has escaped the withering blight of sin."

At length the fruit I tasted, and I found,
Forgetting words, I now must bear the pain;
That I had watched and waited long in vain;
What looked so fair was bitter and unsound.

If I could live again my past life o'er,
It should be one of earnest work and love;
And He who plants the tree then from above
Would bless the fruit; I should need nothing more.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

"YOU will soon win that, at your present pace, dear," said Kate Fears-Kienon, with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders. "Mr. Johnson knows you live more than up to your income now; so you will want a larger one as your ideas expand. Of course it is very charming to deny yourself nothing; but I really think you should save now."

"It is as much as I can do to spend all my income now," Joy said, shaking her head; "so how could I possibly manage if I let it accumulate?"

"Is that," asked Kate, sweetly ignoring this absurdity, "why we are to drive to Combe Castle to night with four horses, and postilions in new liveries?"

"Footmen in new liveries also," supplemented Joy. "Terry, I have had the old, old yellow chariot made like new, and lined with white brocade and scented, and the arms are emblazoned, and the four horses match, and the whole thing is splendid; for, ever since I found that shabby carriage and horses and those old liveries waiting for me at Torquay, I determined I would not rest until I had had one drive at least in real style."

"Then after to-night you will be content?"

"Temporarily."

"Sir Hussay will be sure to take it solely as a compliment to himself," remarked Lawrence gloomily, "and will monopolize you more than ever. So Lady Vickery is to present you at Court, Miss Glenorris? The season will be a dream of conquest and triumph and——"

"I don't want it," cried the girl, with sudden inexplicable petulance. "I mean," she added, trying to understand what was making her grow less happy day by day, "that I hate to hear of conquests, or of—anything except enjoying myself."

"You may not care for it, after all," said Lester, with a smile which made her feel as if a hand had taken hers in her groping.

"Perhaps, dear," suggested Kate, as they all stood to separate, "Mr. Lester would like a seat with us this evening; it will, at any rate, be warm."

"Thank you," he answered, without a glance at Joy's negligent face; "I drive my own dog-cart; I am always warm."

"The independent old man never will accept a seat," said Lawrence.

"Take care, Mr. Lester," smiled Kate; "they are the independent men who succumb most utterly at last."

"I am too old a man, Mrs. Fears-Kienon."

"You said to me the other day, Mr. Lester," Joy said, with a straight glance from her clear long-lashed eyes, "that you loathed pretence."

"As I do," he answered quietly; "but I count a man old who feels old, whether his years have run to thirty or to sixty."

"One can but live through certain experiences," put in Lawrence Nelson, with more readiness than thought, "and of course some men have experienced in thirty years what—what——"

"They would give another thirty to cast out of their consciousness," concluded Lester lightly. And then, while all were moving for departure, he went up to Joy Glenorris, who stood back, apart from all, her dark young figure in strong relief against the white marble mantelpiece carved in imitation of folds of drapery. "I meant," he said, without offering his hand, "to ask your forgiveness for having come in this afternoon when you so evidently did not wish it. I came because I thought it would have excited comment if I had declined."

"Yes."

"I suppose I ought to add that I will not do so again; but I do not say it, for I shall always have this desire to avoid exciting comment."

"Yes."

"That is one reason why I do not leave the Glen Farm. Not that I pretend that it is my only reason. I shall stay, and I shall meet and see you where it chances. And yet—— Yes;" he went on, as if his steadfast gaze had read in her eyes the very thought he uttered, "you are right. And yet we must be strangers to our lives' end."

* * * * * *

A little boat came round the high red headland into Testy's Cave, and Joy Glenorris, springing from it, told the boatman to wait for her while she walked a little. She strolled up a climbing path which was new to her, now in sunshine, now in shadow, now open to a view of sea and sky, now sheltered by the projecting cliffs. The little twisting footway led her on by a nameless attraction, until she was stopped by the iron gate of a small plantation on the height. It was padlocked, which she thought silly in such an untrodden spot and in the direct way from the beach, and so she mounted the iron bars and alighted among the bracken on the other side. There, in the dreamy shade, she stood to listen while one bird sang rapturously among the young green leaves. So still she stood, and so entranced, that she was not aware of a light step in the little path before her, and started when her hand was touched; and looked down to see a mastiff gravely regarding her. She laid the hand upon his head; but, for all the gentle touch, her thoughts were not with the dog, and her heart was beating with positive pain. Who could be near her here? Where was she? But of this nervousness even Gervys Lester could guess nothing in the calm gaze she turned to him when he followed his dog to her side.

"It is scarcely safe," he observed composedly, "to touch Pasha without first speaking to him. Mastiffs, however high-bred, are rather treacherous, and I would not depend on his urbanity—even to you."

"Why should he hurt me?" she asked, striving after usual calm.

"Why should he not," asked Lester drily, "as he knows that you are trespassing?"

"Trespassing!" she cried, a brilliant color burning in her cheeks. "All this is, I think, my own land."

"You are trespassing on my property," said Lester, with great gravity, "and I should go to law but that the law of trespass is complicated. I should have first the trouble of proving my claim to the property you have trespassed on——"

"And you could not."

"Then to prove you were trespassing with felonious intent," he continued. "And, if I failed, I'm afraid you could turn round and prosecute me."

"And I should."

"No doubt. But, if not with felonious intent, may I ask you why you are trespassing?"

"It is a public path, and there was a gate."

"Locked," he put in tranquilly. "I saw you climb it. You have no idea how gingerly you let yourself down, as if you were a basket of eggs. But why," he went on, no smile upon his lips, though she had laughed, and though his eyes were warm with laughter, "did you stand so still upon this side? Did some instinct tell you I was near, and frighten you?"

"Will you kindly let me out now, without my having to climb and gingerly let myself down like a basket of eggs?"

"You were listening, I suppose," he said unmoved; "so was I. There must be genius among birds, a Patti and a Nilsson here and there, who sing alone, silencing even the other birds to listen. I felt I was in that marvellous foreign land where Consuelo lived."

"Lives," corrected Joy, with rather comic brevity.

"You soon go to town, Miss Glenorris," he said presently. "I hope you will not tire of the restlessness and whirl, and of your own triumphs."

"Tire!" she cried; and fortunately Anne Kienon was not present to compare this astonishment with the prophecy of weariness vouchsafed to her only the very night before. "It will be delightful. No one could appreciate more than I shall all the pleasure of a London season."

"That's right," he said, so pleasantly that the girl could have cried out in a vague sense of injury. "If you are so egregiously happy, you will make your season very long."

"Yes; but I have never seen a summer in Devonshire, and I do not want to miss the best part of it. As old Bridget says, 'the country ca'ms the nerves.'"

"Sir Hussay will soon follow you," Lester said, with a calm certainty that made her heart sink. "His nerves will want ca'ming."

"I don't catechise you. He is nothing to to me. Why do you say so much about him?" the girl cried pettishly. "Will you open the gate?" And then, suddenly vexed with herself as he put the key into the lock, she looked away to the steep lands against the sky, and asked how men could plough and sow them.

"I will show you, if you will come."

"No," she said, the delicate smooth cheeks growing very pink. "But they look to me as straight up as the cliff."

"Come."

"No"—with a shake of the head. "Are these your preserves?"

"I don't preserve. I cannot risk lessening my harvests."

She turned, regarding him in calm astonishment.

"Why are you always thinking of harvests and cattle?"

"My farm should be made to maintain me," he said, with a smile.

"But you must have another reason for living here?"

"Oh, yes," he answered coolly, "I have another reason!"

"And you intend to remain here, Mr. Lester?"

"I think so," he answered tranquilly, "unless anything occurs I do not now foresee. I may of course feel very lonely in your absence; but I do not anticipate it. I generally feel with Moore that, 'if I am far from the lips that I love, I have to make love to the lips that are near.' All pretty lips are the same to me, if they are only—closed."

"That is very wise of you Mr. Lester," Joy said lolly, but with a most pathetic pallor on the young sweet face. "It must be a comfortable feeling. It is always a pity for a man to risk his happiness by allowing himself to care too much for a woman. I am glad to feel sure you appreciate your freedom, and I hope soon to hear of your being happy—I mean winning a wife. It would please me, as an old friend of yours."

"It would please you, Miss Glenorris?" he repeated, with a new rigidity in his tones. "I probably may have told you one day in my insanity that I would do anything to please you; but with your permission, I draw the line at marrying to please even you. Once I thought it possible, but"—distinctly in her silence—"not now."

"I am sorry for that," she answered, with a gentleness that had no air of unreality.

"I quite understand," said Lester presently, "your idea of a man's duty to the woman he loves—'To weep and mourn for her that she may laugh—to fight and die for her that she may live.'"

"I have not proved it yet," she returned, almost wistfully. "No man has wept and mourned for me that I might laugh, or fought and died for me that I might live."

"How do you know?" he questioned, rather sternly.

"If he did, I should not thank him," she cried, with a nervous little laugh. "If he died for me, I would rather that it were not that I might—live."

"It is difficult to believe that," remarked Lester, rather low.

"It is difficult to believe other things too," she said, with haughtiness that was oddly gentle. "Please open the gate, and I will not trouble you further."

For a moment he looked down into her face—sweet and calm and debonair he thought—while her eyes were lowered to the descending path; then he spoke a little brusquely.

"I think I ought to tell you, Miss Glenorris, that an old servant of your stepfather's—you had him with you last July in Perthshire—is in this neighborhood, calling himself De Mortimor. I have only just discovered it, and I think you ought to know; but I hope you will not fear him."

"Fear him!" she cried, and looked straight up into his face with darkening defiant eyes. "Why should I fear him?"

"Perhaps," he said gently—for it went to his very heart to see the bravery of her eyes with the ashen pallor of her cheeks—"he does not even know what you would not have him know. But, in any case, do not fear him; I shall be here."

Her heart was throbbing passionately in her great longing to know what this man had said to Gervys Lester; but she struggled proudly with this longing, and suppressed all sign of it.

So they stood for a few moments that might have been hours; then Lester opened the gate, and Joy passed through without another word.

* * * * * *

Days passed, and Agatha Porch made no effort to renew her search for the missing will at Merlswood. Joy Glenorris wondered over this delay; but, if she regretted it, it was simply because she would have liked the question to be finally set at rest

for Miss Porch. With a sensitive desire not to intrude in any way upon the sisters during this time, she avoided the Moat, and so it was not until several weeks passed that she discovered that the little house was vacant. Her heart leaped with a feeling of relief that amounted to absolute gratitude when she heard this; but Mr. Johnson, hastened to add that the tenants had only temporarily left, and that Miss Porch had informed him very significantly that nothing was to be done to the house in their absence, and that, as the day of their return was uncertain, they would take the key.

Miss Glenorris had never yet seen the man of whose presence in her vicinity Lester had warned her, and whose letter to Miss Beton she had read at that lady's request; but this gave her less unrest than the unfinished search for Mr. Glenorris's will. Surely, she argued with herself, even supposing he knew anything of the past which she would keep secret, he would not come forward to tell it if he were concealing his own identity, or representing himself to be what he was not. If she could see him and be sure, she could warn Miss Beton more effectually than she had yet done—though she knew she had from the first tried earnestly to do this—but she felt no real fear of Miss Beton's forfeiting her prized liberty to this man. As time went on and still she did not see him, she began to feel assured that he avoided her whenever he was in Eastmouth.

Miss Beton never again entreated her to read a letter from him, for the girl's honest opinion had influenced her more deeply even than she quite knew. And Joy was grateful, for the unpleasant impression that letter had left on her mind was remembered as vividly as was its very peculiar handwriting.

Quite early in the year Lady Vickery had formed her own plans about Joy Glenorris's presentation at Court and her first season in town; and so persistently as well as pleasantly did she pursue these plans in her gracious, kindly self-important way that she was at the right time enabled to carry them out to the letter. To Mrs. Kienon she, from the first, alluded to the arrangement as a fixed one, and one that would naturally win her approval most of all, she being of course most interested in her young cousin's welfare. Lady Vickery imperturbably took it for granted that the two elder ladies at Merlswood must be delighted that she could prevent a girl of Joy's age spending her first season at the head of an old house like the late Mr. Glenorris's, with heavy responsibilities on her young shoulders. "Next year," Lady Vickery had said, understanding perfectly their suppressed tactics, "she will have gained confidence, and be of age, and have her own visiting-list, and then you will be able to be her guests there; but this year she certainly must be mine."

Feeling all was satisfactorily settled, she went away, smiling to think how impossible she had made it for them to explain their intention of never allowing their young cousin to be head of any house while they could prevent it: but there were no smiles on the faces left behind, and Mrs. Fears-Kienon especially resented having had no opportunity of expressing any opinion of her own.

To her son Lady Vickery represented the case a little differently, though with an equally honest foundation of truth. Mrs. Kienon had no distinct position in society—only that of a distinct relative of the Glenorris's; and Mrs. Fears-Kienon was a divorced wife. Was the thought for a moment to be entertained of the young mistress of Merlswood making her *debut* in society under such auspices — especially when the young mistress of Merlswood was also to be the future Lady Vickery?

Lady Vickery put the matter before Miss Glenorris in such a sensibly convincing way that the girl wondered at her own demurring, which yet only lasted Mrs Nelson showed herself on Lady Vickery's side and in real heart-kindness told Joy the proposal was a most wise as well as kind one, and advised her, for that year at any rate, to forego opening the old London house and accept Lady Vickery's offer. This advice had the more weight from its single-heartedness, for Mrs. Nelson did not understand that Lady Vickery lent her aristocratic chaperonage, not to the orphan girl, but to the Baronet's future wife, and that her apparent indifference to next year's plans resulted from her assurance that Joy would then be his acknowledged *fiancee*, if not his wife, and would of course be guided by his wishes.

So Joy Glenorris, with her horses, carriages, servants, and magnificent prospects of dressmakers' bills, went with Lady Vickery to Park Lane, and day after day her hostess congratulated herself more cordially on her tactics, and on the imperturbable urbanity which had carried them out. For the girl's beauty and wealth won notice and admiration everywhere, though it was something beyond her beauty which made her success—as Lady Vickery phrased it—so complete. Supremely satisfied was Sir Hussay's mother with her determination to have his future wife in her charge, and not the least cause of this satisfaction was the circumstance that it ensured her her son's constant society. Never, through any previous season, had she had Sir Hussay at her constant beck and call as now.

Yet, while all seemed to be going so smoothly, Lady Vickery strove in vain after a feeling of perfect reliance on the ultimate realization of her own and her son's desire. An indefinable anxiety lay underneath her enjoyment of her success so far. Certainly Joy Glenorris seemed happy as the day in this new exciting life, and even seemed herself thoroughly to appreciate the fact that her beauty was unrivalled in its own especial way; but Sir Hussay's mother was shrewd enough to see that in all this gaiety and enjoyment nothing touched the girl's heart nor held it, nothing even in the Baronet's unwonted attentions. With all Joy's gentleness, she had so much spirit that Lady Vickery hesitated to risk a discussion with her on her peculiarly equal valuation of all men's devotion, or on that mistake of hers in taking all men's admiration as part of her inheritance, never as a special offering to touch her heart and hold it.

Sir Hussay's mother, angry with herself for harboring the slightest fear as to the issue of her project while she knew so well that no other lover could be preferred before her son, strove valiantly against this consciousness. But there it ever lay below her projects and congratulations, thwarting her too gently for her to be more than occasionally aware of its existence, but never allowing her mind to be perfectly at rest.

In search after attractions to fix Joy's interest in town, she hit upon the expedient of inviting Theresa Nelson to Park Lane, it having struck her that constant young companionship of her own sex was the only thing Joy could miss.

Theresa came, and was extravagantly happy, and, to Lady Vickery's gratification, was admired too for her merry healthy nature and her pleasant prettiness; but still her advent was followed by no change in Lady Vickery's feelings with regard to Joy, angry as she felt with herself for any doubt at all, while the girl would look so radiantly happy and be so equally irresistible in her grave piquancy or calm independence. Of course her appreciation of an alliance with Sir Hussay Vickery of Combe Castle, of Linly Hall, of Rosewarn and Park Lane, would come in time; and, after all its tardy growth signified little. Joy was still young enough to be in no haste for a settlement, and decidedly no other man had supplanted the Baronet.

Still the Baronet's mother had hoped that by this night of her grand ball Sir Hussay might have won Joy's promise to be his wife, and that he might herself have left at ease, even though the engagement should not be publicly recognized.

Lady Vickery—a large and comely pedestal for the exhibition of rare old lace gems—was thinking this as she sailed through her handsome rooms, to all appearance merely discoursing graciously with the gentleman whose arm she lightly touched, but in reality seeking her son, whose want of height militated against his being easily discernible above a hundred heads. Wherever he was, she felt sure he would be with Joy Glenorris, and so, instead of asking for Sir Hussay, she smiled an invitation to Theresa Nelson. The girl came up to her, looking very pretty and happy in her orthodox filmy dancing-dress, and told her—blushing a little over what she left unsaid—that she believed she had seen Joy go into Lady Vickery's own boudoir some little time ago. Oh, no, not long ago, of course!

With her pleasant ease of manner, Lady Vickery transferred her escort to Miss Nelson, and went alone to her boudoir, where, as she had expected, she found her son and Joy Glenorris. Seeing nothing beyond that fact, her heart rejoiced as she answered Joy's smile and addressed her son.

"Hussay, I dislike exceedingly to disturb you, dear, at any time: but the Ambassador's party has just come, and I thought you ought——"

"Oh, of course!" interposed Sir Hussay, giving his mother his arm with a readiness which might have awakened her suspicions had she been less utterly convinced of her son's irresistible powers. "Miss Glenorris wants to rest. I will return for her."

Joy sat quite still when they had left her, leaning back in her low chair, not idly, but with intense thoughtfulness, her fingers locked in her lap, her gaze straight and distant in that long thought of hers—weary, yet untired in her youth and perfect health, ill at ease for all the ease of her surroundings, unsatisfied for all the gifts of friendship, love, and wealth that had been lavished upon her; for her heart was still throbbing from the strange shock Sir Hussay had given her—such a painful, keen, and unexpected shock—when he said—

"There can be no reason for your discarding me, unless you love another man."

"What is it?" she thought, pushing the beautiful gold-brown locks from her temples. "What do I long for? What do I miss? Surely only the content I should have if I were a grateful girl! I must be all in the wrong, else happiness wouldn't seem farther from me day by day. What do I want? Home? I have no dear ones to make Merlswood more home to me than this is. I cannot be longing for the villagers. Is it for Anne? Surely I have as true friends here as there, unless ——"

A pause, even in her thoughts.

"He used to go wherever I went. I always met him, and I chafed—oh, how I chafed! And so did he—of course. He never pretended that he liked to meet me—only that he chose. I felt he had a reason always, though I scarcely understood; but, cross as I was, I was happy then. Once—think of counting it as once, when here, day after day and again and again on the same day, I meet fresh crowds and never him—once he was not there, and others wondered, and I rejoiced—at least, I thought I rejoiced: but perhaps I did not know what real happiness is. I wonder—— No ——"

She rose in sudden fear of further thought and escaped to her room. Rachel, quietly dismissed, retired in vexed astonishment. What was the use of her young mistress having the loveliest dress in the room and looking such a perfect picture, if she was to come and waste it all in her dressing-room?

Joy took up a book, bravely defying thought; but she could not read. The room was brilliantly lighted and bright with color and with ample gilding, yet it seemed to Joy that she saw only the wide sweep of hills and vales on Dartmoor and the dim outline of that old house beneath the weird and lonely tor. Then there came into her heart—as there had come once before, in the midst of life and gaiety—a deep intent pondering on how and when the hour of her death would come—not a troubled feeling, only a grave and solemn wonder deep within her weary heart.

A voice roused her at last; and no wonder Theresa Nelson was startled by the pale still face Joy turned to her.

"Were you not enjoying yourself downstairs, dear?" she asked, with genuine surprise, for who could be expected to enjoy such a scene if not the girl whose beauty and whose charm were so potent?

"I'm afraid, Terry, that I'm tired of London. I want home."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear you call Merlswood home!" said Theresa. "You never have before and I feared you didn't care for it, for all your bright ways there."

"I suppose I do," answered the younger girl thoughtfully. "I seem to long for it now."

"Has Sir Hussay wearied you more to-night than usual, Joy? It is unfair to you. He gives no other man any opportunity."

"I want no other man's opportunity," said Joy, with such haste that Theresa looked with real anxiety into the lovely excited eyes.

"I really believe, Joy, you have a horror of any man making you an offer. I mean," she went on, unskilfully turning the subject when she saw the sudden stormy light in the gray eyes, "do you really wish to go home now in the height of the season, with engagements three weeks deep, as Lady Vickery told us to-day?"

"Unless you will not stay without me, Terry; then I shall stay of course."

"My dear," cried Miss Nelson, taking Joy's two hands and kissing her, "you don't know how worried I was to-day when Lady Vickery so kindly said I must stop, for, though I wanted to go home, I could not make up my mind to part with you. I've been wildly happy here; but I should like to leave town now, because——"

"I fancied you would wish to stay," said Joy, in her companion's sudden pause; "I saw you dancing with Mr. Eyken to-night."

"Yes, and that is why I'd rather go," confessed Theresa, blushing hotly. "He won't in my absence be so likely to drift into fancying he cares for me—if he doesn't. He will know then, and he can come to me if he really cares—as he seems."

"As indeed he seems," put in Joy, with the warm light of sympathy in her lovely loving eyes.

"And, if he does not come," concluded Theresa, with a laugh as well as a blush, "it will be all right. I shall have my home-love and yours."

"But all the same, he will," said Joy. "Terry, I don't think self-tormenting is so very pleasant as it seems—in poetry. Will Mr. Eyken go back to India?"

"Yes; and that so puzzles me. How could I leave all my own people just for him; and yet——"

"Yes; and yet how could you? I see. Then perhaps your wedding would have to be soon."

"Oh, Joy, if you would only promise to be my——"

Joy's fingers were gently laid on Theresa's lips, while all the warmth died out of her brilliant eyes.

"Don't mention bridesmaids," she said, "for I don't want to be disagreeable."

"I ought not to expect it, of course," acknowledged Miss Nelson good-humoredly, "nor would it be to any bride's advantage to have you near; but still—— Oh, I will not worry you! I will look forward to the day we will make so festive, when you yourself will be the bride."

"A day that will never dawn, Terry."

"How comical?" said Theresa; but her laugh was a little forced—she had been so unaccustomed to these old moods in any girl. "Do you know, Joy," she said musingly, "I always fancied—you will forgive me for saying it—Mr. Lester the only man you were likely to grow to care much for."

"He!" was the answer, almost in a little cry.

"Indeed yes! Why, we one and all fell hopelessly in love with him, and all on different grounds! Oh, it is very serious, though you laugh! Isa wouldn't laugh, I assure you. Why, even Anne Kienon—— What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Joy; but she turned half away to answer.

"Even Anne, I was saying, is—well, she never speaks of him, so I won't say it; but isn't that in itself a fatal sign?"

"It is because she is fond to me," explained Joy, in haste. "She knows that I dislike him, and that he"—pushing back the bright ruffled hair—"dislikes me."

"Your dislike is and always was incomprehensible to us," returned Miss Nelson thoughtfully; "but who is to say he dislikes you? I never thought it, and I can prove that——"

"You like Mr. Lester," interrupted Joy, with a pathos in her voice which Theresa Nelson could not understand, "and so you are generous in your opinion of him."

"Just," amended the elder girl timidly; but, to her surprise, instead of looking annoyed by the correction, Joy gently turned and kissed her.

"Tell me, Terry," she said, in a slow thoughtful way, "is it very dreadful to have always one—that one person in your thoughts? Do you hate yourself for it, and yet cannot help it?"

"But he isn't always in my thoughts," was the half-laughing retort; "and, if he were, I don't think I should hate myself for it. Why should I? And why do you suggest so very uncomfortable a state of affairs? Joy"—with a slow change of tone—"I often feel that your history will be very different from—any of ours, say."

"What a poor compliment to me," laughed Joy, "when you know how Schiller says the best women have no history at all!"

"Or," continued Theresa, pursuing her own thought unmoved by the interruption, "that it has been."

"Terry, we are losing all our dances!" cried Joy, looking into Miss Nelson's eyes with such affected melancholy that her paling cheeks were not noticed. "I will run down after you the moment I've smoothed my hair."

"I remember once," mused Miss Nelson in her thoughts, as she slowly left the room, "when Leo was put out by Joy's independent behavior to Mr. Lester, and said before him that Miss Glenorris was heartless, I quite agreed with his brief emphatic denial of it; but—perhaps Leo was right."

CHAPTER X.

THERE were unwonted stir and excitement at the Knoll, for next morning Leonora was to be married, and at night there was to be a dance—"so that our loneliness may not fall too suddenly upon us," the girls said. Much preparation was necessary to carry out Mrs. Nelson's ideas of hospitality, for invitations always expanded in her kind warm hands; but they had no fear of a crush to-morrow night, for the lawn would be as pleasant as the rooms, with the July moon at its full. This evening all the Knoll party were to dine at Merlswood, and Joy Glenorris, looking back at her great house as she stooped at the gate of the Knoll, and seeing how space was at a premium there, wished that they would have used Merlswood as a home on Leo's wedding day.

"The whole thing is flat to me," said Lawrence, leaning on the wall beside her, when she had entered the garden. He looked a much older man than he had looked when Joy saw him first, entering the old schoolroom by the now familiar corner window; but his unsuccessful love had done him no harm; his strength had grown with his sorrow, and, though less talkative, he was still the open-hearted Larry his sisters loved and his mother held closest in her heart. "It was positively cruel of you not to be my sister's bridesmaid, Miss Glenorris, though of course I feel sure you declined for a wise reason."

"Or for the want of one," smiled Joy, her cheeks growing pink under the white hat-brim.

"Lester declines to be at church at all," he went on, as all his sisters, except Leo—dressed alike, and looking the same age—crossed the lawn to meet them, with Gervys Lester. "Fancy the barbarian declaring a wedding is a melancholy spectacle!"

"And such a beautiful spectacle as we intend to make it!" laughed Mrs. Calmady.

"But that only proves me right," said Lester. "Don't you think beauty has a sadness in it?"

"Excepting Joy," interpolated Lawrence pithily.

"Not even excepting Joy," replied Lester in a very matter-of-fact way, as if he detected no double meaning.

"Then our dance will have a sadness in it," said Isa, unconscious of prophecy, "for the moonlight will be beautiful."

"Miss Glenorris," said Lester—and the surprise of his straightforward earnest appeal actually startled her—"will you give me one dance to-morrow—whichever you choose it to be, whenever you like, early or late, but certainly one?"

"Only one?" she queried demurely; and the girls, looking on thought the glance she gave him a flash of most excusable coquetry; but Lawrence, who knew how humbly men sued for the slightest favor, thought the pink flame was lighted by a natural displeasure at being addressed so cavalierly.

"Only one," returned Lester gravely, but with a nameless courtesy in tone and glance which all remembered afterwards, when they knew that dance was the only one Gervys Lester and Joy Glenorris ever danced together.

"What waltz may I bespeak, Miss Glenorris?" inquired Lawrence eagerly, when Joy had sedately accorded Mr. Lester a certain dance. She readily promised him one, and then asked for Leo.

"She is sure to be on the mud," said Lawrence, mimicking their old nurse. "Won't somebody quote to Leo to-day of all days—

" 'If you must study, oh, study to lose
In this day's enjoyment the thought of to-morrow!'"

"Don't let Edgar hear you," laughed Theresa. "Why, he is even such a fidget that he wouldn't rest until she had chosen Wednesday for their wedding-day! 'Wednesday, the best day of all'—you know the old verse, Joy?"

"Yes, I know," said Joy, recalling it—

" 'Thursday for crosses:

Friday for losses;
Saturday, no luck at all!"

I would not be married on a Thursday for anything."

"But surely," observed Lester, "no one could be influenced by those old superstitions?"

"I should," declared Joy, slowly raising her lashes to regard him; "I should consider a Thursday's marriage fatal, if I ever witnessed one."

"We were married on Thursday," said Mrs. Calmady, laughing at Miss Glenorris's absurdity. "So now, my day, what can you answer?"

"Miss Glenorris thinks with Carlyle," put in Lester drily, in Joy's uncharacteristic hesitation, "there are several answers returnable, but few so good as none."

Then Mr. Eyken came up—Theresa and he were affianced lovers now, and the mother knew she should soon lose another daughter—and there was a fresh inquiry for Leo.

"Nurse told me," said Charlotte, with great gravity, "that Leo had only just gone to see that all was right in the room prepared for the late Mrs. Calmady—ever since our marriage, Joy, she has called my husband's mother the late Mrs. Calmady—but, between you and me, Leo won't appear till mother does; she is her very shadow on this last day. I don't wonder, for I haven't got over the parting yet—just think of it: and I so long married that our boy is getting old enough, as Edwin says, for us to begin to think about bringing him up! Yet it seems only yesterday that I used to be wondering how proposals of marriage were made. Indeed, looking back, my life seems to have been one long search for that knowledge. At last I summoned courage to ask nurse about any offers of marriage she had had, and I found she distinctly remembered her only one. There was to me an emptiness about it scarcely satisfactory, for he had only said, 'I shall make you a good husband, as husbands go.'"

Everybody laughed at this nonsense, and no one noticed that Joy Glenorris had moved aside, where she could not see the faces of either Gervys Lester or Lawrence Nelson.

"I'm afraid," said Lester, joining her, "that you did not enjoy your first experience of a London season quite so thoroughly as you fancied you would, Miss Glenorris."

"I enjoyed everything," she answered, with suspicious eagerness. "Why should I not?"

"Why, indeed?" he answered. "For we heard of your triumphs even here. How quickly Sir Hussay Vickery followed you back?"

"Mr. Pardy came by the same train," observed Miss Glenorris demurely. "Whether he left the giddy metropolis solely because I did I—am dying to know."

"He would readily tell you," suggested Lester coldly.

Joy glanced into his face, pondering. For weeks she had had men of rank at her feet, men of fame putting forth their best powers to interest and amuse her, men of most goodly presence eager to obey and serve her. Yet she had wearied. Was it possible that here, without novelty or excitement, and with a man whose words were so often chilling, and whose temper was always uncertain, she could not understand what weariness meant? In her anger with herself to feel it might be so, she cried in her heart how miserable she was! How mad she had been to hasten back to the place where she should see so constantly the man whom she detested!

"There's Anne!" she cried, with evident relief and gladness. "She promised to call in for me."

It was just then that Miss Kienon caught sight of them under the leathery foliage, and her face changed as she did so. Joy saw it, and a sorrowful shadow fell over her own—perhaps there came sad moments even to that most beautiful woman whose "young eyes wounded wherever they looked."

"I see," said Lester, glancing from a crowd of purple pansies they were passing to a few she wore at the neck of her creamy dress, "that you too are fond of Shakespeare's 'love-in-idleness.'"

"Anne gave them to me," Joy answered, slipping her hand within Miss Kienon's arm; "I like all flowers Anne chooses."

"I did not mean you to wear them," explained Anne, flushing duskly. "You had exquisite flowers in at the time—much more suitable."

"Much more," Joy answered, with a tender smile upon her lips, "if this is 'love-in-idleness.' Come!"

There was a hearty general attempt made to detain both the cousins; but Joy had arranged that she and Anne should take their lunch in a boat and picnic on a favorite spot half round the bay, and she had no intention of breaking her promise to Anne, who scarcely ever seemed to enter into the mirth at the Knoll; so the party separated, knowing they were to meet at Merlswood later in the day.

The boat and boatman were ready—with the basket and Anne's sketching materials safe in the bows—when the cousins had run down the roughly-paved pathway to the beach; and soon they were sitting in the shelter of a great rock, Anne sketching and Joy leaning back with her folded hands behind her head, revelling, she told Anne, in the beautiful scene she could not paint.

"And would not, if you could," said Anne, with a loving glance into the rapt face.

On their way home in the afternoon, when their boatman had told them that he knew the ladies had returned to the Moat while she was in London, a sudden thought struck Miss Glenorris. Bowden should land her below the house, she said, and she would call in there, and walk home the nearest way, so reaching Merlswood soon after Anne, who would be landed at their own boat-house.

Joy climbed the cliffs and knocked upon the small green door with its blistered paints; but there came no response to her summons. Again she rapped, and again; then she gave up the attempt, concluding that Bowden had been mistaken.

She walked round the weedy little garden-terrace under the verandah; then, turning and looking over the wide expanse of cliffs, she espied a small brown figure seated on the slope at a distance, and she felt sure it was Jessie Porch. It was not possible from there to reach the spot where she sat; but Joy knew that, if Jessie caught sight of a figure in the verandah, she would be sure to hasten home. So Miss Glenorris sat down upon a rickety green bench propped against that side of the house—on which there was neither door nor window—to watch Jessie, and, if possible, to await her return or Agatha's. She could allow herself half an hour, and still be at home in time for tea. Before the half-hour had passed, or Jessie had turned her head, Joy heard footsteps in the verandah, and rose, glad to feel that her stay had not been in vain, and that Agatha had come. But her steps were arrested, while her hand went up to her neck as if she drew her breath in pain; because she knew well the voice that was uttering those angry words just out of her sight, and yet so few steps from her. So unsuppressed and outspoken were the wrathful words that the girl stood trembling in every limb to learn so suddenly how indignantly Gervys Lester could speak.

"Miss Porch, say no more, please; you have said all you need. You declare a will exists undiscovered: I daresay it does. You say it is in Mr. Pardy's favor, and I have no doubt it is; but I will not have you haunting Merlswood and suspecting Miss Glenorris."

"Who is to seek if I do not?" said Agatha Porch's voice, low and cold, as it always was when she was passion-stirred.

"Whom Miss Glenorris chooses. It is her house. What right have you to its mysteries? If you attempt subterfuge again, as you have done before, I have told you what will be the result; and, though I shall regret it for your sake, I shall not hesitate to act. Now have you decided?"

"I have decided not to be driven to a decision," said Miss Porch icily.

"I will see you once more," said Lester, after a brief silence—"to-morrow, if possible—and then your answer must be final. I wonder your own good sense does not assure you that Mr. Norman Pardy would have had Mr. Glenorris's rooms searched thoroughly for that possible will before he lent his assistance to install another in the inheritance. I have argued this with you for the last time, Miss Porch; but I will see you once again."

The words echoed ceaselessly in Joy's memory as she climbed the cliff behind the Moat, taking her homeward way unseen just as Gervys Lester took his to the Glen Farm.

CHAPTER XI.

DROP your skilful parrying, Norman, and answer me straightforwardly for once in your life—if it be possible for you to speak straightforwardly at all. That will cannot possibly be found, and so —"

"I am a poor beggar who loses his just inheritance," put in Mr. Pardy, with his easy smile.

"And you give it up tamely now?"

"I have long ago given it up"—with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

The two—once lovers, now at heart unconsciously the bitterest foes—were sauntering over the cliffs in that evening's twilight, the after-glow just fading in the west, and no boat upon the solitary sea. Under them the rocks fell almost precipitously two hundred feet, above them huge masses projected, as they had done for ages, yet as if the gentlest touch would bring them down to crush the two slowly-moving figures, and fall with them into the quiet sea.

Agatha Porch walked for a time in silence, her breast heaving, her eyes shining in her pale face.

"Norman," she said presently, in her clear voice, "was it a dream of mine that you used to be so different? Can you have changed so entirely?"

"You have changed more," he answered, in his gentle way.

"I?" she cried. "I am what you have made me. If there is a change in me, I am glad you see it, as it is your own work."

"Nonsense!" he answered placidly. "Come, you are not looking for Jessie, yet you said you came with me only to seek her."

"Norman, you know that I have never released you from your engagement."

"I released you," said the young man, in his placid voice. "If that imprudent love-making of ours can be called an engagement, it has been cancelled ever since that day in last September when I came to you in Brighton on purpose to do that act of simple justice."

"The day when I first learned your treachery," she returned, in low bitter tones. "The lie you told me that day—as well as the history of our engagement before you disregarded it—shall all be repeated to Miss Glenorris. Your way shall not be all smooth and mine unbearable. If either of us has been too long in the world for what it wants of us, both have, and mine shall not be the only desolate life. I will lay yours waste, utterly, hopelessly, before your ruin of my own is complete. You either are what you used to be to me, Norman, or at once I tell Joy Glenorris everything, and in no feeble terms. It is my task to open the eyes of the girl whom you are trying to lure into a marriage with you, she thinking you, as I did once, a man of honor and of heart! You! You, with your perjured soul——"

A shriek of wildest terror rang among the echoing rocks; the young man's arms fell to his side as if paralysis had struck them, and he started backward on the narrow path, his face deathly white, even to the drawn set lips. Agatha, standing motionless since his hands had dropped from her shoulders, faced him, her eyes strained in their frozen horror, and her teeth locked between her parted lips. So for a few moments there was silence; then Agatha spoke through her stiff drawn lips, while two small burning hands were clasped tightly round her waist.

"Oh, it was you, Jessie! You rather frightened Mr. Pardy, who was not expecting any interruption. Where have you been all the evening? Where did you spring from—to save my life?"

"Oh, hush!" pleaded Jessie, the small form trembling so violently as to make it unsafe for her to stand as she did. "It was a moment's anger and despair. See, Agatha, see; he is more terrified than I was—and, oh, that moment was terrible to me—when I saw and knew! Come home—I am afraid. See the heights darkening; it is all so weird!"

"Agatha," said Norman, with still that rigid look, "I will see you to-morrow, when I am master of myself once more."

"I almost think," she rejoined, a laugh passing her lips, "you have lost the chance of being ever again — master of yourself."

"Come," whispered Jessie, looking piteously from one face to the other, as she still clung to her sister—"come!"

"One word, Norman," said Agatha, as he went from her with bowed head. "I'm not troubled, I suppose, with a capacity for intense emotion, so I will see you to-morrow, if you wish it. Now," she went on, in a heavy hopeless way to her sister, as Jessie, still clinging to her, led her back upon the narrow path, "I am ready. He might well call me changed, only he spoke too soon; this has changed me, I have no more doubt or uncertainty. But to think," with a swift harsh laugh, "that it should be Norman who should wish—to kill me!"

"Oh, hush, my own dear!" whispered Jessie, with loving, fruitless effort to soothe her. "So try not to think so much about him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURE'S SIGNS.—A writer says he does not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. This animal is never seen abroad except before rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree-snail, as it is called, two days before a rain will climb up the stem of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, they get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain on the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large tubercles. They will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore, which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture.

In other snails deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns, and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm. Every farmer knows when swallows fly low that a storm is coming; sailors, when the sea gulls fly toward the land—when the storm petrel appears, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called, predict foul weather. Take the ants; have you never noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurry, scurry, rushing hither and you, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restlessness.

When you see a swarm flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, worms, slugs and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at our windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking, or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance.

HINTS ON HORSE-SHOEING.—For horses that do slow work, a light shoe will generally prevent knee, ankle, and skin cutting. For a long strider, shoe the hind feet with small calkins. If a short strider they are not required. Some horses will not go well with toe weight shoes, requiring the weight to be distributed more equally. Ankle cutting behind is usually caused by the foot not being level and from leg-weariness. If ankle cutting is done with the quarter or heel, shoe with a three-quarter shoe. Either for front or hind feet. When quarter cracks occur on one side use a three-quarter shoe adapted for strong frog pressure. If cracks appear on both sides use a bar-shoe.

THE mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHEESE.—In Valais, Switzerland, a man's riches are estimated according to the number of cheeses he owns. By a 'cheese-rich' man is meant one as wealthy as Cresus.

FILBERTS.—The common hazel is the wild and the filbert the cultivated state of the same tree. The filbert is larger than the common nut, and has a larger kernel. They are very free from oil, disagree with few people, and are highly esteemed at the dessert.

OUT WITH THE TIDE.—On Cape Cod and many other districts along the New England coast it is firmly believed that a sick man cannot die until the ebb tide begins to run. Watchers by beds of sickness anxiously note the change of the tides, and if the patient lives until the flood begins to set in again he will live until the next ebb. The most intelligent and best educated people born and brought up on the New England coast are not entirely free from this superstition, and to them there is a weird meaning in the words of Dickens in describing the death of Barkis: "And it being high water, he went out with the tide."

IRON CURRENCY.—First Lycurgus of ancient Lacedæmon stopped the currency of the gold and silver coin, and ordered that they should make use of iron money only; then to a great quantity of weight of this he assigned but a very small value; so that to lay up ten *minæ* (about $161) a whole room was required, and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen. When this became current many kinds of injustice ceased in Lacedæmon. Who would steal or take a bribe, who would defraud or rob when he could no; conceal the booty—when he could neither be dignified by the possession of it, nor, if cut in pieces, be served by its use? For we are told that, when hot, they quenched it in vinegar to make it brittle and unmalleable, and consequently unfit for other service.

SMART.—The dog story is now having its inning. We can tell one, says a New York paper, of a Staten Island dog on the authority of a credible eye-witness. The animal was in the habit of burying meat or bones he did not care at the moment to consume. A companion dog of a different breed watched him, and after his departure dug up and consumed his provender. The despoiled creature submitted for some time but one day he ostentatiously dug a hole, being at the same time well provided with a fine large beef bone. This he laid on one side, but not in sight from the spot, whence, as he well knew, the other dog was watching him. He then carefully buried in the hole an empty tin can he had found on the grounds and made off. The chagrin of the thief on finding this treasure, and the delight of its artful depositor may be imagined.

RESORTS OF THE NIGHTINGALE.—Nightingales have a preference for the south-east corner of England. They will not go west. They are very rare in Wales or Cornwall, rarer still in Ireland, and rarest in Scotland. Even in Yorkshire their visits are not frequent. A few years ago one of them settled in a wood near one of the large manufacturing towns—Bradford or Leeds. The attraction of this songster was so great that an enterprising coach-proprietor started an omnibus which plied after dusk to the nightingale and back for eighteenpence. It made many excursions in the night; but the bird was frightened in the end and fled away, and a small boy who imitated its whistle rather successfully was caught up in the trees, and had a narrow escape of being stoned by a van-load of angry and disappointed excursionists.

TOO BIG A NOSE.—Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, was once requested to undertake to form a statue of a misshapen block on which another had before been unsuccessfuly employed in endeavoring to represent a giant in marble. He accepted the commission, and succeeded in producing the beautiful figure known under the name of David, which now stands in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. The statue being finished, the official came to inspect his purchase, and, among other criticisms which he made, objected to the nose as being too large, adding that he wished some reduction might be made in its size. Angelo mounted the scaffold, and, giving a few harmless blows on the stone, let fall a handful of marble dust which he had scraped up from the floor below. Then, descending from his station, he turned to the officer with a look expectant of his approbation. "Ay!" exclaimed the sagacious critic, "this is excellent; now you have given it life indeed!"

UPAS-LIES.—The upas tree is the poison tree of Macassar. The tradition is that a putrid steam rises from the tree, which grows in the island of Java, and that whatever the vapor touches dies. This fable is chiefly due to Foersch, a Dutch physician, who published his narrative in 1783. "Not a tree," he says, "nor a blade of grass is to be found in the valley or surrounding mountains. Not a beast or bird, reptile or living thing lives in the vicinity." He adds that on "one occasion 1600 refugees encamped within 14 miles of it, and all but 300 died within two months." This fable Darwin has perpetuated in his "Loves of the Plants." Bennett has shown that the Dutchman's account is a mere traveler's tale, for the tree while growing is quite innocuous; though the juice may be used for poison; the whole neighborhood is most richly covered with vegetation; man may fearlessly walk under the trees, and birds roost upon its branches. An upas tree grows in Kew Gardens, London, and flourishes amidst other hot-house plants.

THE CLOUD.

BY A. G. H.

The cloud lay low in the heavens—
  Such a little cloud it seemed—
Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast,
Where the rose-light lingered across the west,
Soft and gray as in innocence rest,
  While the gold athwart it gleamed.

It looked such a harmless cloudlet,
  Seen over the sleeping wave,
Yet the keen-eyed mariner shook his head,
As slowly it crept over the dusky red:
"See the rocket-lines are clear," he said,
  And his lips set stern and grave.

And ere over the eve was midnight,
  That cloud was lowering black,
Dimming the light of the stars away,
Dimming the flash of the furious spray,
As the breakers crashed in the northern bay,
  Winds howling on their track.

So, in life's radiant morning,
  May a tiny care or cross
Just trouble the peaceful course of love,
As if the strength of its sway to prove;
As if to whisper, "My surface may move,
  But my roots can laugh at loss."

It may seem such a little jarring,
  Only Experience sighs,
For with time's sad learning to sharpen the glance,
He sees the "rift in the lute" advance,
Knows how fate may seize upon circumstance
  To sever the closest ties.

Ah me! in the fiercest tempest
  The lifeboat its work may do;
But what can courage or skill avail
When the heart lies wrecked by passion's gale,
When change or death has furled the sail,
  When treason has bribed the crew?

Then watch, O hope and gladness,
  Watch for the rising cloud;
Run it away, frank warmth of youth;
Blow it away, bright breeze of truth;
For oh, there is neither mercy nor truth,
  Should it once your heaven enshroud.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"THE keeper, I suppose," said Range to himself; and, walking on, he became aware of something dark on the green border of the road, which soon resolved itself into a fly, whose tall driver had just lit his pipe and was leaning back against his horse, smoking contentedly, while the beast was cropping the grass.

It did not excite any surprise in Range's breast, for the man had probably been up to the house from the town, perhaps to take a fresh visitor or a servant. It was nothing to him.

He walked past the fly, turned and walked back, the soft night air calming his heated brain. He knew the worst—the dream was over; and he told himself that he was going to act sensibly now.

The fly was pretty well half a mile behind him now—perhaps farther, for the man might be driving on after giving his horse a rest—when Range heard voices, and suddenly noticed two figures in front of him, the one disposed to be burly, the other thin, as far as he could see in the gloom, between what appeared to be two black walls of growth.

"Ah! here's someone," said a voice, with a strong American drawl. "Say, stranger, we're 'bout lost in this little island. We want to get to Brackley."

"Brackley?" said Range, stopping. "You are eight miles away."

"Guess that's awkward; but we've got it to do. Which way is it?"

"Right down this lane, till you get to where another lane crosses. You take that to the right, follow it over the hill, then take the cut through the woods, and you strike the main road."

"Eight miles!" said the other, in as strong a twang; "but there must be a place nearer than that."

"Nearer?" said Range. "Oh, yes! there's General Fanshaw's half a mile back."

"Is that where the ivy lodge is—where the woman gave us some milk?"

"Yes, that is the lodge," said Range. "But, stop! I had forgotten; there is a snug little inn by the trout stream where you could get a comfortable bed."

"How far away, stranger?" said the first speaker.

"Oh! not above two miles."

"Say, Sam," said the first speaker, "guess we'll go there."

"Or camp in the woods," said the other. "I'm not going to walk eight miles to-night. I can't. My foot's blistered now."

"I can't offer you a bed," said Range, "for I am only a visitor myself."

"Say, stranger, guess you're from over the way, aren't you?" said the first man.

"Yes; I am an American," replied Range.

"Hear that, Sam. Guess you won't find a place now without someone from our great nation having a look round. Well, thankye, stranger, all the same. Just you put us on the right road for the fishing inn, and we'll make tracks."

Range had said nothing about fishing inn, but he was off his guard, and the man's words did not strike him as being very strange.

"Look here," said Range, suddenly, "I passed an empty fly ten minutes ago. If you could overtake that you could get a ride back to Brackley."

"That's the sort, sir," said the second man. "I'm fagged out; we've been, I reckon, about all over this little island today."

"Don't brag, Sam," said the first speaker. "We have had a good tramp, though. Good-night, and thankye. Think we'll catch the fly?"

"It was standing still," said Range.

"Come along then, Sam. But say, stranger, if we don't catch it, which path do we take for the fishing inn?"

"Well, it's rather puzzling," said Range. "Look here, I'll walk a little way with you, and put you on a path through the woods to the river. Then you can follow it to the bridge, and there's the inn."

"Guess, Sam, we won't go running after no fly to-night if stranger here will put us on the road. Is it a good inn?"

"Capital, and the country is beautiful!"

"'Tis so all about here—for England!" said the first speaker. "We're from Baltimore, stranger; where may you have been raised?"

"New York; but I'm from Colorado now."

"Glad to meet you, sir. Try one of these. My own raising. I've a little plantation of my own—very small, but I don't raise any but the best plants. I don't want to boast, but you'll find that good tobacco."

He handed Range a cigar which he selected from a large case, took one himself, and handed another to his companion. Then there was a pause, matches were struck, and the party walked on smoking, the light of the matches showing Range that his companions were well-dressed tourists, no doubt seeing the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills, and each having a satchel slung from his shoulder.

"Little patch of a country, England," said the first speaker; "but when you try to walk it, you find there's plenty of room, after all. Fine place."

"Yes, it is a lovely little island," said Range. "Every spot is so well kept."

"'Tis so. Say, stranger, I didn't know I was so tired. I'm glad we met you. Guess you are too, Sam. Eh, is anything the matter?"

"A little—faint—I—ah!"

Range reeled, and would have fallen heavily but for his companion, who caught him by the arm and lowered him on to the grass.

"That's it, Nathan," said the first speaker. "Now, quick; take his legs, and in there under the trees."

The second man put himself between Range's legs, lifted them, and the two carried him a dozen yards or so beneath the pines, and laid him on the thickly strewn needles.

"Haven't given it to him too strong, have you, Shell?"

"Not I. Takes a deal to kill a fellow like him. Now quick; no talk. The lantern."

"But we may be seen. There are keepers, you know."

"Hold your stupid tongue, man! We must risk it. If a keeper does come, throw your handkerchief over his face; we'll say he's ill."

"But his dress—his——"

"Curse you, light that lantern, or I'll ——"

"Oh! very well; I only wanted to ——"

"Talk and find difficulties. Why don't you begin now about the expense? Now, silence! Only throw the light well upon his face."

There was the snapping of a match, a little flat bull's-eye lantern, taken from one of the satchels, was lit, and the second man held it so that the light fell upon Range's pallid face and closed eyes, and also upon a pair of white, busy hands that were going to the satchel and returning with something glistening.

Then, click, click, click, click! that was the sound of a pair of sharp scissors busily at work, and the light shone on them, and on Range's bright brown beard, while the men were in the shade.

Click, click, click, click! rapidly and cleverly handled, and the scene was very strange. Thick darkness everywhere, save where that pale face lay, lit up by the bright rays of the lantern, and there was something almost ghostly in the effect of those two white hands busy with the big keen scissors.

Click, click, click! and in a very short time Range's beard, moustache, and whiskers were cut off close to his face, and the hair pushed aside into a heap that glistened sometimes when the light was slightly moved.

"How long will the stuff last?"

"An hour. Hold your tongue; steady with the light."

Click, click, click! and Range's bright brown, curly hair that he had of late worn long fell fast in a heap, first on one side then on the other, from temples and ears. Then his head was raised deftly upon a knee, which was also now in the circle of the light, and the hair was cleverly shorn off quite close, from crown to nape, on one side.

"I'm so afraid of the light being seen," said the second man.

"You always are afraid, Nathan," said the other. "Why, you idiot, there's only just this little circle, and I shan't be long. We might have slipped on the coat, though. I shall risk it now, and finish."

Click, click went the scissors all the while, Range's head being turned round so that his left ear was uppermost; and in an incredibly short space of time the hair was cut clear again from crown to nape, and not badly, for it was in quite a close, short pile.

"There," said the first speaker; "I'll touch it up, and make him neat afterwards."

As he spoke he thrust the scissors into his satchel, and drew all the hair into a heap upon that of Range's beard, rose from his knees, and went a couple of yards, where he rapidly scraped a hole in the pine needles.

"Show the light, Nathan."

The little round circle played upon the dark-grey ground where the whole was made; and into this the hair was thrust and the pine needles scraped back.

Just then there was a sigh from out of the darkness where Range lay.

"He's waking, Shell!"

"Not he, my boy; nor he won't wake this hour. Turn off the light for a bit."

The lantern was darkened.

"Now the light coat, Nathan."

A thin grey tweed overcoat was rapidly set loose from a strap which had held it as a roll slung from the second man's shoulders, shaken out, and in the darkness Range was held by one in a sitting position, while the other rapidly thrust his hands through the loose sleeves, drew the coat over his shoulders, and buttoned it from waist to chin.

"Lay him down, Nathan. That's right. Now the light again."

"No, no! don't have the light, Shell."

"Am I to call and shout at you till somebody hear us?" whispered the other, savagely. "Once more, man, we must do this thing well or not at all! The light! If anybody came now, what then? He is our sick friend, and we should give the bumpkin half a crown to go and fetch the nearest doctor. Another expense, Nathan!" he sneered.

"What a man you are, Shell! But, say, do be quick, or we shall fail."

"We shall fail if we were too quick, Nathan! It's all going right. Now, then, the light!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Finish my job."

"Finish your job!"

"Yes; I told you it was my department, and I'd do it so that there shouldn't be a ghost of a chance of discovery. Now then, I'm waiting!"

"But what are you going to do? Hadn't we better get him away? Here's the cap."

"Wait and see. The light!"

The circle of light played once more upon Range's ghastly face, and what followed would have been ludicrous but for the undercurrent of danger to the victim.

For the white hands were busy in the shadow once more, and then they appeared about the face, over which a white composition was lightly brushed, rubbed in over cheek and chin, and then a bright, keen blade flashed and played in the light, as one hand held the face and chin and the other rapidly shaved cheek, lip, and chin in turn—not a sound being heard but the rasp, rasp, rasp of the razor, which was handled in masterly style, till the upper scrape or two had been given, and Range's face was as smooth as that of a child.

"There, Nathan, I didn't think when they made me barber's mate at Sing-Sing it would turn out so useful as it has."

"What a man you are, Shell!" muttered the other, in a voice full of scared admiration.

"What a man you are, not—to hold a light," said the other, replacing his implements in his satchel.

"You have done now?"

"Not quite. Only the finishing touch wanted," was the reply; and in the light one of the white hands was rapidly inserted in a loose old glove.

Then a bottle was taken out of the bag and a piece of sponge, the bottle uncorked, after being shaken, the sponge saturated, and the smooth face, forehead, and head quickly rubbed over with the fluid, which was also carefully applied down the neck, a handkerchief being used to protect collar and tie.

It was all very quickly done, and there was something even more weird now in that bright patch of light to see those quick hands, one white, the other brown, busy over the smooth, ghastly face, which rapidly assumed a creamy and then a yellowish hue.

"There," said the first speaker, "I call that a job, Nathan. His head's dry enough: put on his cap, and make yourself happy. I can do without the light; blow it out! Stop a moment! Let's see if I've got all my tackle."

The light was played about the ground for a moment, and the various articles replaced in the satchel.

"There, Nathan, blow out the light, my lad, and, of 'the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.'"

Instant darkness was the result.

"I breathe more freely now," said the light-bearer.

"Well, for the matter of that, Nathan, so do I. It is, as the French fellows say, un fait accompli. I wish I had had another look at his phiz."

"It was quite right—a wonderful transformation."

"Yes, I take credit for it, Nathan. It would puzzle his dearest friends; even old Wash. Range, to know him now. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hush! don't be foolish. What are you laughing at?"

"I was wondering what Sarah will say to her handsome flame when she sees him."

"Hush! don't; stop larking," said the other, eagerly. "Now, then, what is next?"

"Next? Oh! no hurry, my dear Nathan. Our safety lies in taking everything extremely coolly. You see the value now of doing everything thoroughly, as I have. You didn't know I had those traps in my bag."

"No, my dear boy. It is wonderful."

"Rubbish! It's foresight, my dear Nathan; now take a sip of this to put some courage in you. I told you I'd manage the trick. Here it is—done!"

"Not done yet."

"Yes, done. The rest is as easy as can be. How the bird walked into the trap!"

"Yes, capitally!"

"Lucky for him that he did. Saved him some unpleasantness, and a dose of something worse, for I meant to have him tonight somehow."

"Shell, you are a genius," said Nathan, passing back the flask to his companion. "But where is his cigar? It might tell tales."

"Not it! It might half poison some foolish boy who found and finished it. That's a strong brand—that from Baltimore, Nathan. But make your benevolent mind easy; it's in my pocket."

"Oh!"

"Now then, got everything?"

"Yes."

"Then let's get him to the side of the road. One moment, though; take off those rings and put 'em in your pocket."

Range's fingers were stripped, while busy hands removed his watch and chain.

"Now for his pocket-book, Nathan. That's it. We'll see what's in it when we get a chance."

"Shall—shall I carry the pocket-book, Shell?"

"Curse you for a suspicious hound, Nathan!" cried the other, fiercely. "I begin to wish sometimes that I hadn't joined you in this job."

"I—I beg your pardon, Shell, I do, indeed," said the other, humbly. "I have been so shuffled, you know, it makes me suspicious. There, I won't be so again."

"Take his legs," said Sheldrake, gruffly. His companion obeyed, and the insensible man was borne to the grass on the side of the lane, and seated with his back against a tree.

"He's going to wake," said Nathan, in a frightened whisper.

"No, he is not," said the other. "Didn't you see?"

"See? See what?"

"I gave him a lozenge while you were clearing up. I had to force his teeth open with the scissors, and he has it fast. Now then, get the fly up, and let's be off. Why, Nathan!"

"What? What is it? Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh! we'll get over it in the fly; but it shows that, however careful we are——"

"What have you done? What have you missed?"

"I forgot to do his hands."

"Hah!"

"And you didn't remind me when you took off his rings."

"No!"

"It wasn't a question of coin, Nathan Mowburn. There, go and get up the fly."

Mowburn went off at a rapid pace, leaving his companion beside the unconscious man; and as soon as he was alone, Sheldrake said to himself—

"I don't think I've forgotten anything now. We won't keep up the color; but till we have him safe at home, I don't think any one is likely to ask unpleasant questions about the dark gentleman in a dangerous state; and I don't think they will mix him up with Arthur Lincoln Range, our dear American friend."

He stood there listening with Range's head propped against his leg, to keep him from falling, as he waited for the fly—the woods near Sir Harry Fanshaw's country home being rather prolific of adventure upon that soft, dark night.

"Humph! there they come," said Sheldrake, with a satisfied sigh. "Just done in time—there's the moon rising above the trees."

The fly was soon beside the insensible man, and he was lifted in. Mowburn followed, and Sheldrake mounted beside the driver, who immediately went off at a rapid rate, under the direction of the man at his side.

Range sank back in the corner of the fly, where he had been placed, and seemed to be sleeping heavily. He was supported by pillows, and a couple of planks had been laid from seat to seat, with cushions thereon, so that, in his character of invalid, his legs might rest in a horizontal position; while his captors were so careful that they had provided a rug to keep away the cold night air.

Not a pleasant position for a young man, an hour before full life and action, if not hope; but far better than lying, as Lady Fanshaw supposed, stark and stiff in the wood beyond the Wilderness, and she, in some sort, answerable for his death.

Sheldrake had made his plans, and hour after hour that fly went steadily on till after the first halt made for refreshing the horse.

It was just midnight when the unwearying eye of the law fell upon it, with the result that about one o'clock, as the fly was going steadily on just beyond the village where the halt had been made, a policeman stepped out from beneath some trees and uttered the magic word—

"Stop!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LOAD ON A MAN'S MIND.

GEORGE CARLEIGH would have been less easy still in his mind if he had known of an interview that had taken place.

Samuel Burton had settled himself upon an oak trunk, close to the track leading from the Priory to the village. His gun rested against his seat, and the afternoon sun shone down upon the leaves, forming a chequered light upon the path.

"Now, old gal," he said to his dog, "just you go out there in the path, and tell me if she be coming. Watch!"

The dog looked up at him intelligently, and then trotted a few yards along the woodland track and couched, with ears picked up and nose pointed, watching intently and listening, as she had often before watched and listened, for the coming of poachers in the wood.

"Joost time for a comfortable smoke," said Burton, taking an ugly little black pipe from his pocket, and proceeding to fill it from a large pouch formed from the skins of moles. "Joost time for a comfortable smoke."

He put the pipe between his lips, replaced the pouch, and was in the act of striking a match upon a little brass box when he stopped short, caught by a thought.

Sam Burton was a splendid specimen of a manly Yorkshireman as he sat there with his brown face lit up by the falling shower of sun rays; but for a few moments he looked utterly insane. Then as he carefully replaced the match, took the pipe from between his lips, and wiped them with the back of his hand, a singularly comical, half-bashful smile crossed his face.

"Not now," he said; "not now. I might happen to—and she'd smell a man's mooth."

Burton smiled and shook his head, and, having got rid of his pipe, took up his gun and began polishing the barrels, as it lay cross his lap, with his red cotton handkerchief.

Then he grew very serious, and his brow wrinkled as if he were in deep thought, the result of which was that he set down his gun and took out Carleigh's flask from his pocket, shook it to hear the brandy gurgle inside, drew off the cup, and looked through the clear glass. Then he replaced the cup and unscrewed the top and smelt it.

"Brandy, sure enough," he muttered; and he seemed to be about to taste, but shook his head, and screwed the silver top on quite tightly.

"Brandy i' the mooth is as bad to a lass as 'bacco,'" he said. "And no wonder. Her little mooth's as sweet and as pretty as a rosebood, and if a man is allowed to kiss it, why, he ought to make the best of his-sun."

Samuel Burton smiled again—a weak, satisfied smile, but only to grow serious directly.

"Things looks strange and bad," he said, softly. "I don't like it, and I don't know what to be doing. I seem mazed like, and that's one o' the evils of a lad not hevvin' a wife. Now, if a lad were wed, he'd just go home and say to his lass—'Here's a bit of a fix like, my gal; what shouldst ta do if thou wert me?' Then she'd say, and there'd be an end o't."

He sat with his arms resting on his extended legs, and his fingers touching at the tips, staring straight before him in the wood, and he shook his head again.

"I don't like to be mixing o' mysen oop wi' it," he muttered; "and yet I'm obliged to, and all the while I don't know what to do.

"Why, hang it all!" he exclaimed, snatching off his soft hat and wiping his brow with the back of his hand, "it's a hanging business, as sure as 'sizes is 'sizes, and—oh, dear heart! it's a strange business for Sir Harry and poor Miss Judith!

"Here, I'll tell Milly about it, and ask her advice.

"No, I wean't. She's too young and pretty to have such a trouble as this in her head. Well, thank goodness, I was born a poor man, and not of the likes o' them. Eh! but it's a strange matter. I thowt often as there were nowt worse in the whole world than poaching, and a keeper getting killed now and again, but this is ten times worse, from what's a-hanging to it on the other side."

A low whine and a short bark from Bess changed the keeper's thoughts.

"Good dog!" he said, starting up. "Here she coomes, then."

He was right, for at the end of a minute there was a light step, and, looking very bright and rosy in her light dress and round bonnet, Milly, her ladyship's maid, came into sight, to give an affected start of surprise as she found herself facing the keeper.

"Why, it's Mr. Burton!" she said, coquettishly.

"Yes, Milly, it be Sam Burton, thy true lover, waiting to have a look at thy bonny face."

"Oh! if you're going to talk such nonsense as that, Mr. Sam, I'm going on."

"Eh! but I'd talk nonsense to thee all day long if thou'lt scold me i' that way, my lass. It seems to do me good, and makes a man happy like."

"He must be very easily made happy, then," said Milly, with a toss of her pretty head.

"He is, lass. That's so," said the keeper, earnestly. "Just a few words from the lips of the lass he loves, and, even if it be scolding, he likes it, and it makes him think of the time when it wean't be scolding, but all kindness and love."

"Some people get thinking of what they will never have," said the girl, pertly. "I know I should never say such things to anyone."

"Nay, don't thou say that, my lass; there's no knowing."

"Oh, but there is!" said Milly, coloring a little. "I should never care for a man who was ready to run down his betters."

"Nay, Milly, I wouldn't run down my betters," said Burton, quietly. "What I said was well meant, my little lass. I like Sir Harry, and I've served him since I was a small boy. He's a very good master to me."

"Oh! Sir Harry's right enough," said Milly very sharply; "but he's dreadfully old."

"Nay, my lass, I don't call a man owd who has all his wits, and can set a horse at a stiff fence, and walk his keeper down after the birds. What's grey hairs got to do with it, eh?"

"Ah, well! we shall never agree about that," said Milly, pertly. "You think Sir Harry's the best man in the world, and I think my lady is the best woman, so we needn't talk no more."

"Well, we wean't, lass, about that. But don't go yet, my bairn!"

"Why, what's the use of my staying?"

"Oh! thou couldst tell me a bit o' news?"

"Oh! there's no news here. Mr. Range hasn't written to Miss Judith, and she's making a fight over it."

"Makkin' a feight, lass?"

"Yes. Pretending she don't mind a bit, and all the time she's longing to see Mr. Range again."

"Poor lass!" said Burton, in so deep a tone that Milly started.

"Don't talk in that churchyard tone of voice, Sam Burton," cried the girl; "you quite give me the chills!"

"Did I, bairn?" he said tenderly. "I'm sorry. "Why, Milly, I wouldn't have thou made unnappy for all the money Sir Harry has in the bank!"

"Such stuff!"

The girl gave her pretty shoulders a shrug, but her eyes and cheeks told of her satisfaction as she felt how she—a little bright-faced girl—influenced and ruled the fine stalwart man at her side.

"Nay, Milly, my lass, it be no stoof," said the keeper, smiling.

"How did you know I'd been down to the village?"

"I saw thee go, dear, and it made my blood seem to dance i' my veins at thought o' seeing thee and speaking to thee again."

"Why, Sam," said the girl, panting with pleasure, but with a coquettish laugh, "if you talk like that I shall some day be thinking that you really do love me."

"Nay," said the keeper, tenderly, and with a manly pride and veneration for the little thing, "thou'st knowed it for a long time. But there, I wean't worry and fret thee wi' my words. I'm going to wait, my bairn, till the day when thou comest to me and says—'There, Sam, I wean't tease and play wi' thee no more. It weer only because I weer so young, and not sure o' thee, because thou wert such a much older man than me. But now I know that I'm all the world to thee, and I'm going to put away all my sharp, teasing, and heart-pricking words, and be thy true little wife.'

"And do you think I'm ever going to say that to you, Sam Burton?" said the girl, sharply, but with a peculiar huskiness in her voice.

"Yes, Milly," he said, with a grave smile. "Some day thou will; and now I want thee to do me a favor."

"You want to borrow some money, Sam?"

"Nay, not I, my bairn," said the keeper, proudly. "I've got a bit saved up; and if I hadn't I couldn't tak' money from a lass."

Milly's heart gave her a twinge for her words, due to an unpleasant little affair at her last place with a young groom.

"I—I beg your pardon, Sam," she said, putting out her hand.

"Bless thee for that," said the keeper, taking the hand in both of his and stroking it reverently before raising it to his lips; and somehow that simple little action had a wonderful effect upon the little maiden, who had been accustomed to the boisterous love-making of the servants' hall. "Nay, my lass," he said, taking the spirit-flask from his pocket, "I want thee to tak' this flask and put it in the captain's room. It be his, and he lost it; and if it be put back there'll be an end of it."

"Why don't you give it to the captain yourself, or take it up to the house?" said the girl, quickly.

"Oh! I've two or three reasons for it, Milly," said the keeper, softly stroking the little hand. "One is, I don't like the captain. He tried to mak' love to thee."

"I couldn't help it, Sam; I couldn't, really," she said, earnestly, and this time she laid her other hand on his.

"I know it, my lass; I know it," he said, looking down with passionate tenderness at the little upturned face. "Well that's our reason; and I don't want him to know I found it."

"But why?"

"Oh! I hardly know my lass. Perhaps, for one thing, if he found I'd sent it back, he'd be for giving me half a crown, and I don't want the captain's half-crown."

Milly noted that the keeper's face grew darker as he spoke, and he continued—

"I won't say anything about what you scolded me for."

"No, don't Sam; and come now, you haven't seen anything of that kind lately?"

The keeper was silent.

"Now, Sam," cried the girl passionately, "I don't want to quarrel this time. I know you havn't seen anything of the kind, for her ladyship has been quite poorly lately ever since Mr. Range went away, and so has Miss Judith."

The keeper nodded.

"Then confess, now you were wrong."

"I hope I was, Milly," he said sadly. "But there, my lass, I'm as glad as glad that what you say's true. No, I haven't seen them together lately."

"There, then, I'll forgive you," she said. "And—well, yes, I'll take the flask. But you've some other reason, Sam."

"Have I?"

"Yes; I'm sure you have, sir. Come now."

"Well, yes, I've another reason," he said.

"Then tell it me."

The keeper paused for a minute, during which he patted and stroked the little hand before saying—

"I wanted to show thee that I can trust thee Milly. There, tak' it and say nowt to nobody, my lass, and—may I, my bairn."

Milly did not answer, but stood with her head thrown back, as if she were gazing in the keeper's face; but her eyes were closed, and she did not open them as he bent down and kissed her lips once, gravely and tenderly, before gazing after the retreating form.

For, as if electrified by the touch, Milly had turned with the flask in her hand, and ran rapidly down the woodland path.

"Heaven bless thee, my pretty bairn!" said the keeper, softly, as he watched the retiring figure. "I'd have told thee all I think, but it's better for thy young life to be wi'out any thowt o' sin and wrong, and it's a big mistake; but I don't know—I don't know. I see Master Range in the wood that night, wandering about angry and wild like; and it seems to me as like this as can be: Master Range is in love wi' Miss Judith, and he finds out as she's to be wed to the captain, and it makes him angry and jealous. They didn't like one another; I've seen it a dozen times. I've seen the captain scowl at him as if he would like to kill him. Then Master Range comes upon him and her ladyship down there in the Wilderness, and calls him, and they quarrel and fight; and the captain hits him harder, p'r'aps, than he meant, and then he hid it all."

Burton picked up his gun, and stood resting his hand upon it, with his brow knit, and his his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"What shall I do?" he said at last, passionately. "If it weern't for Milly I'd go right away and get shut off it all. It 'most drives me mad to think of it; and if it weern't that I feel sometimes as if it may be all a mistake, and that Master Range hev gone away, I couldn't bear it in my mind. I couldn't feel worse if I'd shot a poacher mysen, and hidden it up.

"What can I do? If I go to a magistrate and speak, perhaps it's all wrong, and I lose my place. If it's all true—ah!"

He checked himself, for he could not give utterance to his thoughts; but they rushed through his brain, and he conjured up a horrible discovery—Miss Judith mad with horror at her lover's death, Lady Fanshaw disgraced, and Carleigh in the hands of the police.

"And," said Burton, half aloud, "it'd be the death of as good a master as ever lived. Nay, Sam, thou'lt go to thy grave, my lad, with a big secret in thy breast, and thou'lt never even tell't to thy bonny wife. But it's a sore trouble and burden for a man to have to put upon him; and that lad—ah! he's a black 'un, the captain, a black-hearted cur; and it'll be a glad day for Helmthorpe when he's gone."

Burton thought for a moment, and then he ground his teeth and clenched his fists.

"No!" he said, fiercely. "No. Some day they'll be wanting to marry him to Miss Judith, poor bairn; but I can and will stop that, for I'll tell him to his face all I know."

"Liar!" says he.

"'Liar yourself!' says I; and I'd tak' him and show him where he hid the spade, and——"

Burton paused, for the thought came to him once more that had inspired him with the desire to return the captain's flask without his knowing from whence it came.

"Nay, I must tak' care," he said, "or mebbe I too should be a dead man, for I wouldn't trust him if he knew that I could tell a tale."

Just then the dog uttered a low whine.

"Ah! Bess, lass, I'm not angered wi' thee."

Bess looked at him with her great intelligent eyes, and gave her bushy tail a swing to and fro, dropping into her place directly after at the keeper's heels as throwing his gun under his arm, he strode on beneath the shade of the great trees, his head hanging, and his shoulders bent as if with the burden of the great secret that pressed him down.

CHAPTER XXX.

DOCTOR PARKINS' PATIENT.

"HUSH, constable!" said Sheldrake, from the box. "You'll wake him."

"Wake, eh? Here, get down! I want to see what's going on here!"

"My good man, I do not understand you!" said Sheldrake, blandly, as he slowly descended like one not accustomed to get up or down so awkward a place.

"Ah, then, you soon will!" said the constable, staring in at the fly window, and then opening the door.

"Ah, I see!" said Sheldrake, smiling, and then indulging in a little chuckle. "Dr. Parkins, here is a police constable who thinks we have been committing a burglary somewhere."

"Eh, what?" said Mowburn. "I was asleep. Be quiet, please; he is in a nice gentle doze!"

The constable made the light of his bull's eye lantern play over Mowburn's face and then over that of Range, who was lying back insensible.

"Fact is, constable, we're bringing Dr. Parkins's patient from Ketloch by easy stages. The heat of the day increases his fever. Pray don't wake him! He's so much better now that we should not like to lose ground."

"Been badly, eh?" said the constable, who was puzzled, and horribly disappointed, for he had been thinking for some time about what he called "swag."

"Yes, been very badly. West India gentleman. Yellow fever. Come over here to try and get it out of his system, constable. But he is decidedly better now."

The constable made his light play over the fly, which was an old-fashioned, serviceable affair; then over the horse, a strong, useful, heavily-built animal; and, lastly, over the driver, a very big man, in the orthodox drab coat and tall hat with broad silver band.

Nothing could have been more respectable, except the time, and the constable felt that his position was growing absurd.

"Fact is, sir" he said to the stoutish, bland gentleman who offered these explanations, "we're obliged to look very sharp about here—poaching, burgling, and that sort o' thing. We get some ugly customers from Brackley, Sheffle, and Roth'ram. 'Bliged to look out sharp, you see. Beg pardon for stopping of you. Good-night, sir, good-night."

"Good-night, constable. Would you mind shutting the door, gently?—that's it. And now if you would not mind. That's the way—a little touch of gout. Easy—steady—give me your hand, John. There I am!"

The constable gave efficient aid on one side, and the driver held out a strong, thickley-gloved hand, the result being that the bland gentlemanly man reached his seat, said "good-night" once more to the constable, and then "Go on John," to the driver.

The horse jogged slowly on, the wheels rolled, the constable felt disappointed, but that he had done his duty, and Sheldrake said, quietly—

"It's my belief, Jack, that with a sufficiency of coolness and a plan well laid, a man might do anything."

"Dont you be too sure," said the driver. "We are in Yorkshire yet, and in spite of all your planning, I can't quite see him safely locked up."

"Have patience, then, my dear boy, and you shall. By the way, Jack, you make a splendid driver. I'd take to a fly if everything else failed."

"Humph! Thank you for the advice."

"Don't name it, my dear boy."

"I suppose I may light a cigar now?"

"If you wish to try and spoil my plans. No, my dear Jack, when we halt you may light that dirty pipe and attend to the horse."

"Hang the horse!" muttered the driver.

"Don't be an idiot, Jack."

"How long am I to keep on driving at this rate?"

"Say six miles an hour. It's now one. Steadily on, Jack, till breakfast time. We shall be at Rotherham then, and the rest will be easy."

"I hope it will."

"If you talk like that, Jack, I shall think you hope it will not be easy. There, there! Do be cool and patient. You are so horribly anxious to get back to your fair wife that your temper is not improved by absence, Jack. Look here! drive steadily away, and think of nothing but the reward."

The horse received a sharp flick, and rumbled on, neither of the men on the box speaking for awhile.

At last, the driver said, in a low voice—

"Think you can keep him quiet till we get him there?"

"Sure of it. I've calculated exactly."

"And you are going to stay at Rotherham?"

"Look here, Jack," said the other, "I've been very quiet because I wanted to digest my plans. Now I'll tell you exactly what I'm going to do. We're right so far."

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"We are right, my dear boy. Well, we shall go steadily on to Rotherham, which is right away cross country, and is quite another route. There we shall stop and breakfast. Our patient will be put to bed, the horse into the stable. At 2.25 there's a good train on. You shall get a fly from the station, and I'll engage a compartment for the sick gentleman. We shall take him there, and a shilling or two will make the porters on our side. You will see that a carriage will be found for us in a siding, and coupled on to the train when it comes, and then off we go."

"But it will excite suspicion."

"What, to see a dark invalid helped into a carriage under the guidance of his medical man? My dear Jack, poor humanity has so many sick in its midst that such scenes take place every day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE British, says an English paper, have now a very large portion of the earth. It is not now necessary to inquire by what means, though no man with even the semblance of a Christian conscience can regard that portion of our history without remorse and some dread of a future retribution. First we have the enormous empire of India, which, with British Burmah, has an area of 1,495,574 square miles, and a population of 254,890,516, not of much use to us certainly for colonizing purposes, but which we none the less jealously guard as our own, to the exclusion of all the rest of human kind. Next we have Canada, with an area of 3, 313, 611 square miles. Then we have Australasia, with an area of 3,117,965 square miles, about equal to that of the United States, and within 700,000 miles of that of the whole of Europe. Then comes South Africa, with an area of 230,000 square miles and a white population of only 340,000. One would think there is scope enough and to spare in these huge territories for the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race for a thousand years to come. At present there is, to occupy the 3,313,611 square miles of Canada and its adjacent territories, a population of only 3,681,600, and to occupy the 3,117,965 square miles of Australasia, a population of 2,742,550 against the 35,000,000 which dwell on the 120,737 square miles of the United Kingdom. But beyond these possessions we have those in West Africa, in the West Indies, and other places dotted in all directions over the face of the earth.—"

A QUARREL.

BY C. M.

That scornful word, how soon 'twas said!
That slight revenged, when none was giv'n!
Then swift the tongue's sharp arrows sped,
At which, through twined hearts deeply driv'n,
Sweet love in terror fled.

Much tried he me, my bosom's lord,
Suspecting that and hinting this;
I raged; taunts, which my heart abhorred
When spoke, launched no point to miss,
And stabbed him with each word.

Perchance those hasty words regret
Would fain recall—each haughty look;
Patient his wish I might have met;
There! the gate clicked—doth he yet brook
Love's toils, love's gilded net?

My heart's love comes—'twere wise to pout;
A girl with spirit should behave;
And yet, methinks, I might him flout
Till love withdrew the boon it gave,
And coldness followed doubt.

The door opes—up perplexed I start;
Timid yet confident he stands;
Begone distrust! no more apart
Should lovers dwell—I seize his hands,
And nestle next his heart.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKET," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"MARGUERITE, you are sorry now?"

"Sorry that I chastised him?" answered Miss Daly, with scorn. "No; but I am weary and desperate at times when I think what a sacrifice that man's punishment has cost me."

Then she added, with a sort of moan, "Danvers will never come back."

"When he knows you are free, he may," answered Lucy, in a low voice, which betrayed emotion.

"Lucy!" exclaimed Marguerite, starting to her feet, "what is the meaning of this? You turn pale and red, and your words tremble. Is this a new complication to drive me mad—mad to frenzy? But don't think—O, don't imagine that I will give him up to you! Yet what chance have I against you? I shall never see him again; and you—you little soft-voiced thing—will be cooing in his ear every day at Gurmiabad for months and months to come!"

"Do not say things which must wound me, and can do you no good," said Lucy, with quiet dignity. "You, who know so well what Captain Danvers' feeling is—have you forgotten that he went away in pain because of your unfortunate engagement? That he came to this house, wounded though he was by rumor, to ascertain the truth, because—because he loved you so well? After all this, is there no hope for you, when he knows Major Riley has been dismissed?"

"None; not the faintest ray. I did not tell you that I met him on the Mall at six o'clock next morning, with that handsome friend of his, as Kate and I were riding with Major Riley. If you had seen the expression of Danvers' face when he bowed to me! O Lucy, I am scorned, and the joy of my life is withered to the core."

"Not scorned, dear Marguerite. He does not feel scorn for you; he is only sad; and I am sure he is not one who will soon forget—"

"Forget! No, he will never forget my unworthiness; and the only question left for me is, can I ever forget my pain? I thought myself so strong, so capable of indifference, and, God help me! I am utterly weak. How can I stifle the fiendish thing that gnaws me day and night, night and day? O, listen to me, dear, true, forbearing little friend. Shall I marry Irving-Wood, and bury this torturing time in a new life?"

"Never!" exclaimed Lucy, seizing her hot hands and holding them tight. "Never be untrue to yourself again. Be patient and wait."

"Wait! you are cruel in your kindness, to try and buoy me up with hope. Is there even a chance that he will come here on his way home? Have you heard of his movements? Ah, your eye droops! he will not come."

"I fear not," said Lucy slowly; "he is going straight to Gurmiabad."

"I knew it! He will shun me. If I were to become from this moment a saint, an angel, he would not believe that I had either heart or principle. He thinks I am utterly, entirely, wholly bad. There! no more of this. Let me get out of myself, Lucy. I will go for a mad breakneck gallop, and who shall suspect then that I am weak and broken?"

She rose proudly.

"Poor Marguerite!" said Lucy, throwing her arms round her, "don't be so unhappy. Your life will be better by and by, when you have given up brooding on these things."

"Do you think I can forget my misery here with Kate sulky and her husband so stern? It is hard to be as I am—passed on from one sister to another—to have no resting-place, no real home."

"You can return to England, can you not?" said Lucy hesitatingly; for Marguerite, frank though she was, always avoided speaking of her parents.

"To England, yes—to my father's house, never! I have a stepmother who has made me what I am—who wished to marry me off her hands quickly to the highest bidder. I was a match for her, and had my revenge there too. But we will not speak of it; we will go out, and I shall take you past that big lonely house you have more than once inquired about."

"Mr. Jervis's?"

"Yes. Did you ever hear of his wife?"

"No. I had no idea he had one."

"It is strange Mrs. Meredith does not know her, is it not?"

"It is rather," said Lucy innocently; "for Mr. Jervis seems to be most everywhere."

"That is just it; and his wife is nowhere."

"Why?"

"Why! O, dear little simpleton, because such good people as Mrs. Meredith and my sister do not consider her respectable. She was the wife of a brute, such a man, I imagine, as the eligible Major Riley—and bore her miserable fate for years, till one day he did something so outrageous that Mr. Jervis took her away, and she never went back to her husband any more. Now she lives a living death in that house there, and none of your nice society women have enough of the milk of human kindness to speak to her. What do you think of that, Lucy? Would you speak to her?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell. If we do wrong, we must suffer, I suppose, else there would be so much more sin. Do you think it would be right to speak to her?"

"I have spoken to her. I saw her walking in the garden one day, looking so sad and lonely that I went in and pretended I had lost my way. I made out I was very tired, and we sat down in a little arbor together and talked for nearly an hour. I know her heart is broken because of her outcast life; yet I dare not go again, though I feel that I could cheer her. Kate would be deeply shocked, and Fred Bishop would probably turn me out of the house. But they cannot keep me from carrying the thought of that woman in my heart. Sometimes when I think of her and others more unfortunate still I feel inclined to give up worldly ease and society to live for those who have suffered such cruel wrongs and degradation, if any sacrifice of mine could avail to raise them from their abasement and bring them comfort. Spending oneself in such a cause might be a deeper happiness after all than marrying the man one loves."

"Dear Marguerite," said Lucy, kissing her, "these are noble thoughts: hold them fast, and the future will bring you peace. Whatever happens, remember there is much to live for, after all."

At this, Miss Daly laid her head on Lucy's breast and cried; then, when she was calmer, she dressed for her ride, and they went out.

CHAPTER X.

THE next three weeks passed away happily for Lucy in the society of her brother, who came up, looking pale and fagged after his long combat with the heat. Never was there a more devoted sister. She seemed hardly to think of herself, but always of Hal, and soon had her reward in seeing him regain his good spirits and healthy looks. Many a pleasant hour did they spend together in the verandah, she reading to him or chatting on the various topics within her range which were likely to interest him, while Mrs. Meredith flitted out and in, smiling at them both, or interrupted them with an amusing display of the Judge's last collection in natural history; for Mr. Meredith had also come up on leave, and was deeply engrossed in minute explorations in the neighborhood of his dwelling, which afforded him an unfailing source of outdoor occupation, without over-taxing the not too abundant energy left him by a long Indian career. Lucy naturally did not see much of Marguerite during those weeks of Hal's stay, and she felt sometimes uneasy as to how her friend was faring. Occasionally they met on the Mall and walked a little way together; but others were always present, and it was difficult to tell from that proud graceful carriage and perfectly self-possessed manner what emotions were stirring within. Hal remarked after he had seen Miss Daly once or twice that he thought her improved; there was less defiant fling, as he called it, about her, and a new expression in her face which made her look more human. The Mereditha laughed at Hal, but Lucy felt the criticism did credit to his penetration. The Judge, who, though in the main a man of kindly nature, was somewhat given to the sneers of the cynic, remarked, as an amendment to Henniker's opinion, that Miss Daly was probably regretting her rashness in dismissing Major Riley after a month's engagement, as there seemed nobody equally well endowed with good prospects to trifle with; whereupon Mrs. Rousel, who was present, added that she hoped Miss Daly was not trifling with Mr. Irving-Wood, who was dangling about her.

"Mr. Irving-Wood can take care of himself," said Mrs. Meredith, after a moment's pause—"he has as little heart as she has; but I do hope Reginald Danvers will keep out of reach of the siren. There is no doubt she was a very real danger to him while he was here."

As Mrs. Meredith spoke she glanced furtively at Lucy, for whose benefit she intended the second part of her remark. Was not George Raeburn coming to stay at Glenrosa immediately Hal Henniker went back to relieve him? which made it incumbent on her to blight, as far as she could, any fond fancies about Danvers which Lucy might be cherishing, and for which she felt herself, to some extent, responsible, as having too hastily encouraged an inexperienced girl's thoughts to dwell on insignificant symptoms of favor. Lucy, she imagined, knew nothing of those rumors which had been rife in May about Danvers and Miss Daly, and could not, therefore, give the true reading to his suddenly undertaken trip to Kashmir. Was it not kindness, then, to cause a little pain, to use even, if necessary, "ill words to empoison liking," and so create a desirable void in Lucy's mind for the reception of firmer hopes? Mrs. Meredith had no fear any real harm had been done, and she was confident that her present wishes would be realized.

"How little we can fathom human nature!" said Henniker. "Of all men in the world I should have said Danvers was the the very last to dream of marrying such a girl as Miss Daly. A man of his fastidious notions to care for a young lady who has a fresh lover every two or three months! Surely what Pemberton told me at Gurmiabad of his marked attentions to her here cannot be more than gossip!"

"Not at all—it is quite true," said Mrs. Meredith, with another stealthy look at Lucy, who, though slightly flushed, wore a very quiet expression.

"A fellow like him," continued Henniker, a remonstrant tone, "with so much knowledge of the world, and such good sense and judgment!—not like the ordinary military man either, with no ideas outside sport and his profession, but thoughtful and well read—it must be pure infatuation."

"There is some uncanny witchery about her," said Mrs. Rousel. "If you heard all the stories my friend Mrs. O'Brien told me of her goings on in Calcutta," she continued.

"She must be quite heartless to—"

"Dear Mrs. Rousel," said Lucy deprecatingly, "if you knew Miss Daly well, you would feel differently about her. She is not heartless, as people think."

"You are under her spell too, Lucy," replied Mrs. Rousel, laughing good-naturedly, "and I won't hurt your feelings by any revelations; but don't get imbued with her principles, my dear."

"To go back to Captain Danvers," said Mrs. Meredith remorselessly: "I am very much afraid he will find his way to Simoo in the cold weather, and marry her. Candidly, I am disappointed in him. He was my pet young man, but he is not equal to George Raeburn. They both had the same opportunity of going off their heads about Miss Daly at Gurmiabad, and, you see, it was only Reginald Danvers who succumbed. There is nothing weak about Mr. Raeburn."

"He is a capital fellow," said Henniker warmly, "but I should have said, before the light of our present knowledge, that he was more likely to become the victim of a woman's wiles than Danvers."

"Now, should you!" rejoined Mrs. Meredith, in an accent of well-feigned surprise, and chafing inwardly at the clumsy thoughtlessness of brothers.

"Well, you know, Raeburn has always shown himself fond of ladies' society, and Danvers just the reverse, chiefly, I have thought because he is difficult to please; and the ordinary woman one meets in Anglo-Indian society does not interest him. It is really almost incredible that a man of his stamp, so grave and cool, can have any serious feeling for a capricious creature like Miss Daly."

"My dear Henniker," said the Judge, with his half-cynical smile, "it is just your superlative young man, dissatisfied with the commonplace in things animate and inanimate, who is most easily piqued into the folly you are bewailing. A love of the exceptional, I believe, is at the root of such anomalies, and we all know that a capricious young woman is very much the exception indeed."

"Very true," said Henniker, laughing; "my perceptions are getting clearer. I shall continue to be sorry, however, for Danvers all the same."

"Ah, he is a fine generous fellow," said Meredith, in a more serious tone, "and just the most perfect gentleman I ever met. I know nothing about this business, but I shall feel as much regret as you do, Henniker, if he makes a mistake in the chief event of his life."

"Likely enough by this time he is thanking his stars that Riley stepped in between him and Miss Daly. A sensible man soon gets over a love affair when the object is not particularly worthy. The mere fact of his deciding to go straight to Gurmiabad instead of coming here, as his friend is anxious he should do, speaks for itself."

"He has not heard yet that her engagement is at an end," put in Mrs. Meredith. "When he does—ah, well, we shall see! But how tired you are looking, Lucy! let us go."

And the little company, which had been resting on the mountain-side after a long walk, dispersed homewards.

About ten days after this conversation Hal went back to his work, and George Raeburn arrived. So incessant were Mrs. Meredith's claims on Lucy now that her hope of seeing more of Marguerite (on whose disturbed state she dreaded the influence of Irving-Wood) was almost entirely frustrated. She could not complain, for her kind hostess had been so considerate in studying her inclinations during Hal's stay that it seemed a small return to fall in with hers when he was gone. In this way it came about that Raeburn and Lucy were constantly together, and that she continued to see very little of Miss Daly.

It was October now, and the gay society of Mussoorie was thinning fast. In another three weeks hardly one of the numerous summer visitors would be left. The Mereditha, however, were to stay till the 1st of November, and they had succeeded, after a friendly battle with the brother and sister, in retaining Lucy as their guest till then. She was only half glad to remain, though she loved the hills and Mrs. Meredith; for Hal had been long alone, and the prospect of seeing much of George Raeburn greatly disquieted her. Besides—and here lay the core of her disinclination—she knew that Danvers was due at Gurmiabad on the 15th of October, and would spend the remainder of his leave there with his friend. She struggled against the feeling, but it was impossible to subdue her longing to see Danvers—to be near him again; and this longing gathered force and importunity from the mere fact of Raeburn's presence. She had been bright and tranquil when Hal was with her, having much to satisfy her heart in ministering to him, and in the enjoyment of his kind brotherly ways. But now that this source of happiness had been replaced by the irritation of an unwelcome admirer, who was clearly smiled upon by her brother and her best friend, it was natural that the thought of the one unattainable happiness which alone could satisfy her heart presented itself with a new urgency of disquiet. No wonder the little family picnics of almost daily occurrence, at which every opportunity was given to the young civilian to improve his chance of winning her, brought Lucy to the verge of ingratitude and rebellion. Mrs. Meredith's encouragement of Raeburn had become painfully apparent, and there seemed no haven of sympathy to which she could turn. Thus, alas, her thoughts dwelt with growing love on Danvers, and nourished hope unconsciously in the memory of the day when he had kissed her hand and claimed the privilege of calling himself her friend.

Such was the state of things a week after Raeburn came up, when one morning, as Lucy was putting on her gloves, preparatory to sitting out with the others to lunch with Mrs. Rousel, the dak arrived and brought a very long letter from the Colonel.

"I really must read this before we go," said Mrs. Meredith, dropping into a seat. "Molly won't want us so soon, now that her own budget will have arrived. Ah," she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled satisfaction and annoyance, "how oddly things do happen! Jim and Captain Danvers have met; they have joined camps, and are marching for Mussoorie together. So Reginald Danvers is not going straight home, after all. Jim says," continued Mrs. Meredith, reading from the letter, "it was very pleasant to meet two such agreeable Christians as these young men, after so many days without seeing a white face. We have had great yarns, as you may suppose, over our camp-fire, chiefly about shikar; but last night I indulged in a little gossip, and told Danvers what Miss Daly had done, and how old Riley was dying by inches of wounded vanity at Simoo, instead of being the happy lover he left him. I am afraid our friend was not sorry to hear this news, and he has since suddenly announced his intention of returning with me."

Lucy, who during the reading of this extract had been remorselessly twisting and injuring one or two delicate flowers which Raeburn had given her, now dropped them from her hand and walked quickly into the house, but not before the young man had noticed the paleness of her face, which made him ask in alarm if she were ill.

"A headache, I think," said Mrs. Meredith, with ready answer and jumping up to follow. "We over-tired her yesterday."

In a few minutes both returned, and Lucy, though still looking ill, would not hear of having her dandie ordered round, and declared herself quite fit to walk with the rest.

CHAPTER XI.

THE little party at Mrs. Rousel's lingered on after lunch, chatting in the cosy drawing-room, in which, the afternoon being unusually sunless and cold, a wood-fire had been kindled. There was so much to say about the travelers expected on the morrow—such pleasant anticipations of the entertaining accounts they would bring, and of the privileges of examining their trophies and criticising Captain Danvers's sketches—that it was easy for Lucy to sit quiet as an apparent listener, especially as every one except Mrs. Meredith believed in her headache. No one could have guessed, who glanced at her pale quiet face, that her mind was agitated by tumultuous thoughts—that she was at war with herself, combating a merciless surge of feeling, roused by the news of Danvers's intended return. Those formless hopes which lurked in her breast sprang with cruel mockery into definite shape at the blow which dealt them death; and the revelation of her secret heart, thus presented, made one of the bitterest moments she had ever felt. Hypocrite that she was! had she not tried to comfort Marguerite with the hope that he would come back!—had she not pretended to wish that it would be so?—while in truth her own happiness fed on the possibility of his unalterable displeasure, and the consequent opportunity this might afford herself. Was this friendship? was this sincerity? Were such feelings, and the torment of selfish dread which she now experienced, to be the only outcome of her foolish love? She would marry Raeburn and please her friends, rather than bear the hidden conflict longer. Yet, no; she had counselled her friend to be true to her better nature; was she, then, to be false to herself, and unnecessarily deepen her own despair? Poor girl! she felt something must be done to chastise her from further hope, some revenge taken on the subtle unworthiness which she had harbored within her—to exorcise it forever. But that fine instinct which she possessed

assured her that to marry Raeburn would be a fatal means of accomplishing this. One thing, however, it might be possible to do towards her own punishment and the effectual exclusion of a renewal of hope, and this was to promote, if chance should offer, the reconcilement of Danvers and Marguerite. As a step in this direction, she would go without delay to Miss Daly, warn her of Danvers's expected return, and implore her to be careful lest some new folly should avert the happy fate which already appeared to be winging towards her. Yes; they should be happy, and in time her own unrest might be stilled. Just as Lucy lifted up her eyes that had the tender glistening of tears in them, sympathetic with the renunciation of her thoughts, all were startled into attention by the sound of approaching riders, and, before the surmises hovering on their lips could be uttered, Colonel Rousel, followed by Danvers and Spencer, galloped their tired ponies to the door. The occupants of the drawing-room rushed out to welcome them, giving free vent to exclamations of pleasure at this for stalling of their meeting. It was pleasant to friendly eyes to see these bronzed gentlemen, looking the picture of glorious health after their long holiday in the open air. Danvers, who was of a less robust frame than the others, and had left Mussoorie far from well in consequence of the shock he had sustained, showed the improvement most. No one present had ever seen him look so handsome as he did now in the splendid strength and vigor which those months of change and calm enjoyment in the companionship of his friend had added to the fine grace of his presence. And now came an acute moment in Lucy's trial. His eye lighted on her a few minutes after the first greetings were over, as she moved shrinkingly in the background, and he pushed his way to her at once, though duly noting that Raeburn hovered jealously near.

"I did not know, when Colonel Rousel persuaded us to halt at his house before going on to the club, what I was in danger of losing had I refused; I did not know that I should find Mrs. Meredith and you here. It is very pleasant to meet friends again after this long absence."

Lucy felt as if cords of pain were tightening round her heart as she listened to his voice; her color went and came, and she turned a helpless glance on Raeburn, hardly knowing what she did. At last she found courage to say, "I am very glad to see you back;" but the words came slowly and with effort.

"Will you not sit down?" said Danvers, with a slight touch of authority in his tone which thrilled Lucy with momentary delight, though she refused the chair he offered. The only security in her strength lay in avoiding him, and she murmured hastily—

"I must go now; I have a call to make this afternoon."

"Are you going away alone?" inquired Danvers, with a keen glance at Raeburn.

"No, no, not alone," said Raeburn entreatingly. "You will let me walk with you at least as far as Glenrosa, and order your dandie."

Lucy flushed with annoyance, and looked down to hide the tears which threatened to vanquish her control. To be spoken to like this before Captain Danvers! What must he think? She would have shaken off Raeburn with cold words, had not the power of resistance left her, and she was bitterly conscious of the fact that both gentlemen took her silence as acquiescence.

Danvers, however, was sure something was wrong, and he felt an unreasonable irritation against Raeburn which seemed connected in some way with Lucy. He remembered how he had protected her from Irving-Wood, and for the moment the young civilian appeared to him as a hardly less objectionable interloper. He seized his cap, therefore, as Lucy moved away, and said quietly—

"I will come too. There is an accumulation of letters awaiting me which I must attack at once."

"Going to see Miss Daly?" cried Mrs. Meredith, as Lucy stooped over her and spoke a few words in a low voice. "Miss Daly must wait till to-morrow; you have done quite enough for one day, with a bad headache. But I had forgotten how late it is, and that we ought to leave Molly in peace to enjoy the society of her husband. Captain Danvers, you will dine with us to-night, and bring Mr. Spencer with you? I am quite ready, Lucy dear; so let us say good-bye."

"Raeburn," said the Judge, taking the civilian's arm as they were passing out, "tell my wife that good story about Pemberton's guinea; it is the very thing she will enjoy, for I am afraid she has no sympathy with our excellent cantonment magistrate's anxieties about his larder."

Mr. Meredith's eye, accustomed to careful observation, had, in an idle moment, turned an investigating glance on the young man and Lucy, just as she announced her intention of going away. There was enough in that little scene to set him thinking, and he determined to keep Raeburn by him as they walked home.

Raeburn, notwithstanding this appeal, lingered for a moment, looking wistfully back. He thought Lucy would join them; she was, in fact, hastening to do so, when Danvers—who, with his friend, had paused a few seconds to arrange with Colonel Rousel about a day's shooting in the Dhoon—said just behind her:

"Need you hurry, Miss Henniker? Mr. Spencer and I are tired of each other's company; it will be charity to save us from a *tete-a-tete*."

"My dear fellow, don't flatter yourself that I intend to risk the possibility of such a thing, particularly as there is so tempting a chance of improving my acquaintance with Mrs. Meredith," said Spencer gaily, as he walked off. It was wonderful what might affection gave this muscular young giant, how unselfish it made him. In some way, mysterious to himself, he divined that Danvers would be glad to converse undisturbed with this slim sweet-faced girl, whose blue eyes looked so touchingly innocent and sad. Therefore, though his own preference for the society of pretty young ladies was of the healthiest kind, he came promptly to the rescue with his magnanimous pretence.

Danvers smiled at him, not at all deceived, and accepted the sacrifice. What Lucy felt at the turn things had taken it would be difficult to describe. She had done her best to get away, and the effort had ended in this. The mere prospect of being alone with Captain Danvers so agitated her that her limbs trembled, and it was in vain that she tried to banish from her face the indications of her emotion.

Danvers looked at her attentively for a moment. "Lean on me," he said, gently offering her his arm. "I am grieved to see you less well than you ought to be. There has been some new trouble, I fear. Are all well? is all well at home?"

These words, so full of thoughtful kindness, were too much for Lucy's overcharged feelings. "I wish I were at home with them," she cried, almost sobbing. "I am miserable—here."

Danvers took her reluctant hand and placed it on his arm. "I have, perhaps, no right to trouble you with my sympathy, or to ask your confidence, but if you could tell me what it is that grieves you—"

"No," said Lucy, passionately, "I cannot tell you." Then she added abruptly, hardly knowing what she said, "Let us talk of Marguerite," and, stopping back, turned on him a flash of almost angry scrutiny, which brought a deep flush to his sunburnt face as he answered in a tone of sharp surprise, "Why should I talk to you of Miss Daly?"

"Because—because—but O, I am presumptuous!" she cried, the sudden fire which had given her power to speak boldly, dying down in a rush of penitent astonishment at the liberty she had taken. "Forgive me, forget what I have said!"

"No, my dear Miss Henniker," said Danvers, with a calm decision, "it is impossible I can forget what you have said; but there is nothing to forgive. Since you seem to know my secret, rather think that by speaking plainly you can do me the truest kindness. Tell me *all* about Marguerite."

"Have you come back because of her?" asked Lucy, with pale lips. There was no longer any danger of her breaking down—the relief of tears was past.

"Are you able to walk on now," asked Danvers, in a tone of affectionate anxiety, "or will you sit on this stone while I go to the house for your dandie? I am afraid you are very tired."

"I can go on," said Lucy; "I prefer walking."

"You asked me why I have come back," Danvers pursued, after they had proceeded a short distance. "It is because I could not stay away in doubt; I wish to understand why she is free. Yet I am a fool, for she has been faithless, and that ought to be enough for me. It is impossible that I should continue to love a woman whose actions drive me to conclude that she is heartless and unworthy."

"She is not heartless; she has never, in reality, been faithless to you."

Danvers bestowed an earnest gaze on his companion before he said, "Why did she accept Major Riley if she loved me?"

Lucy was still leaning on his arm, and felt all the dangerous delight of that close contact. Her heart beat fast, for he seemed to be placing his fate in her hands. A word from her and he might be effectually divided from Marguerite for ever. For a moment she was tempted to tell him the naked truth, to whisper a treacherous word of warning. For a moment only. There came a revulsion of feeling, a terror of her own thoughts, and her answer broke out impetuously—"She will be able to explain what seems unaccountable now when your estrangement is over."

"Yes?" questioned Danver mumingly. "You advise me to go to her, then? You think she can be true?"

She advise him! Alas, how soon had the cruel opportunity come! "I know she loves you. Is not that enough?" Her voice faltered.

"No, by Heaven, it is not enough! Tell me she can be true, and I will lay the devotion of my life at her feet!"

"You ask me too much," said Lucy wildly. "Time alone can show."

There was a long pause; then Danvers said, almost sadly, "I will trust her once more. God bless you, Lucy!"

That evening Miss Henniker did not grace the Merediths' drawing-room. She was lying feverish and ill in bed; and of the three young men whom the Judge and his wife hospitably entertained only Harold Spencer made any adequate return in conversation. Raeburn was moody, and Danvers unusually silent.

Two days after, when Lucy was better, though not yet out of her room, Mrs. Meredith brought her a beautiful bouquet from Raeburn, and, at the same time, gently broke the news of Danvers' engagement to Marguerite.

CHAPTER XII.

IT surprised Lucy that Marguerite had not written since her engagement, had sent no message, and made no attempt to see her. Such neglect seemed strange after the confidences which had passed between them. Danvers had brought the news to Mrs. Meredith, and had expressly asked her to tell Lucy; but no one else except those two ladies and Spencer was to know of the engagement for some time, not even Mrs. Bishop. This was a point on which Marguerite was resolute, and Danvers appreciated the motives she gave as her reason as far as the outside world was concerned. They did credit to her delicacy and good feeling. Her recent engagement, and its unexpected termination, had been so much subjects of comment in Mussoorie and elsewhere, that she naturally shrank from furnishing society with this fresh topic almost before the gossip engendered by those other events had subsided.

What Danvers could not understand was the eagerness she showed that her sister should not know. The harshness which Dr. Bishop had displayed in the Riley affair, and Mrs. Bishop's sympathy with his view of her conduct, hardly seemed an adequate explanation for withholding her confidence even for a time. At all events he could not acquiesce with the same readiness in this exclusion of her nearest relatives from a knowledge of the serious step she had taken. It was opposed to the rectitude of his habits to have concealments, and he would have felt more contented and at ease had Marguerite shown sufficient moral courage to face any disagreeableness that might ensue from the straightforward course. To carry dread of encountering criticism in her own family so far, was to him an inexplicable trait in a character which he judged to be proud and self-reliant. Lucy was too much occupied with the problem of Marguerite's apparent indifference towards herself, to reflect much on the subject which perplexed Danvers. Her thoughts, indeed, had been rather blurred and languid since her illness; she felt mentally bruised, and showed a listlessness of demeanor very unlike her usual quiet energy. It was in the hope of rousing her that Mrs. Meredith proposed one morning a visit to Marguerite.

"You have been out for the last three days, Lucy, and I really think a longer ride in your dandie will not hurt you. I can leave you at Grass Vale for an hour, while I call on the chaplain's wife; but remember no allusion to the engagement before Mrs. Bishop though it does seem carrying the thing too far, to keep her own sister in ignorance. What an odd girl she is!"

"Perhaps we ought not to go," said Lucy hesitatingly. "I am hurt that no message has come from Marguerite."

"But Reginald Danvers himself brought us the news, and as the engagement is to be such a dead secret, she probably did not think any additional announcement necessary. It will be kinder to call."

"Will Captain Danvers be there?" asked Lucy. "I should not like to interrupt Miss Daly—if she was engaged."

"O dear, no; he is very seldom at the house; he rides with them in the mornings, that is all. Dr. Bishop allows no danglers about her now, except Irving Wood, who somehow manages to keep his place; but he is away at Deria, so you need not be afraid of encountering any specimens of mankind."

They found Marguerite at the piano, carefully going through a nocturne of Chopin's which Mrs. Meredith immediately recognized as a favorite of Danvers's. She was dressed with unusual elegance, for it was one of her peculiarities to be exceedingly careless what clothes she wore. To-day her dress was faultless, the perfection of graceful simplicity; and as she rose to meet them, the same thought flashed through the minds of both, that it was little wonder Danvers loved her. There was an indefinable charm about her at all times which seemed to depend but little on the ordinary attributes of beauty; and this subtle attractiveness was only enhanced by the new gravity of her demeanor. Lucy saw at once, with a shock of uneasy surprise, that there was no happiness in her face. She wore, indeed, an air of sadness, which her visitor hoped, as an explanation of so unaccountable an expression, might be herald of a gracious dignity that would replace for ever the foolish lightness of the past. Already it seemed Danvers had done her good; he had touched her feelings deeply. All the same she felt anew it was inexplicable Marguerite had not written, since there was no trace of that overbalance of joy which, under the circumstances, and with her gay temperament, might have been expected, and which would have gone far to excuse her neglect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SECOND THOUGHTS.—"Anything is better than this!" exclaimed a Thrush, after having vainly battered about a frozen snail, which she at last gave up in despair.

"Anything is better than *this*!" chirped a Robin, in a melancholy tone, as he saw the last crumb picked up by a sparrow before he could hop to it, and knew his breakfast was gone.

"*Anything* is better than this!" murmured a Blackbird, perched on a leafless branch with his feathers puffed out twice their usual size. "Why doesn't Master John come and shoot us with his gun? That sharp, short death would be easy compared with this lingering misery!"

"Poor, dear creatures!" cried the black cat, who had been watching them and listening behind a snow-drift. "You are all quite right. Take my advice and bear it no longer; and, as Master John doesn't seem to be coming, let me, in a friendly way, put you out of your troubles!"

Away they all flew at the very sight of her ears above the drift, without waiting to hear her offer.

"I knew how it would be!" she cried, more provoked than surprised. "Though they are silly enough to talk nonsense, they are wise enough to know better than abide by their words."

Scientific and Useful.

PAPER DOORS.—Paper doors are coming into use. They are made of two thick paper boards firmly glued, moulded into panels, and then rolled through heavy rollers, finally receiving waterproof and fireproof coatings. These doors are said to be far more durable and weighty than wood, while they neither shrink nor warp.

PEN AND INK.—A simple mode of preventing ink from damaging metallic pens is to throw either into the inkstand or the bottle in which the ink is kept a few nails, broken bits of steel pens (not varnished) or any other pieces of iron not rusted. The corrosive action of the acid contained in the ink is expended on the iron introduced.

REFUSE MATTER.—Each household in Vienna is now furnished with a barrel fitted with a close-fitting lid, in which to place refuse matter, and when this is filled and the lid fastened on, is placed in a cart and removed, the gatherers doing the work also of emptying and returning the barrels. In addition to its greater cleanliness the system is expected to prevent much disease laden matter from being disseminated about the streets.

THE SEWING MACHINE.—By means of a simple and conveniently worked device of a coiled spring, an English inventor has succeeded in dispensing with the need of driving sewing machines by hand or foot; a few turns of a handle winds up sufficient power to keep a machine going at full speed over an hour. It is completely under control as to the rate of stitching and stopping, and can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost.

FIRE-PROOF BAGGING.—A Georgia machinist has invented a fire-proof cotton bagging which promises to abolish the old jute bagging and reduce the cotton insurance rates to minimum figures. It consists of an earthly or asbestos-like substance dissolved in a glue-like whitewash and spread over bagging made of cotton goods. The invention is called "anti-phlogin," and the inventors claim that it is easily made, is as cheap as sand and that the whole bagging is made cheaper than the jute or gunny bagging now used.

JOINING HORN.—A process, which is in general use in France, by which two pieces of horn can be perfectly joined together, is as follows: "The pieces of horn are first heated before a fire, and the edges where they are to be joined carefully scraped, until they fit together exactly; the workman then takes a pair of pincers, previously heated quite hot, and after moistening the edges which are to be joined, presses them together firmly and quickly. If the work is skilfully performed, a perfect joint will result; and after the edges have been dressed smooth with a fine file, and polished with tripoli and water, it will be hard to tell where the two pieces are joined together."

Farm and Garden.

THE COW.—Always keep convenient in the stable some vaseline or mutton-tallow, to be used whenever the cow' teats show indications of cracking. A little care and softening of the teats may arrest the trouble, which if neglected for a few days, will develop into a sore which will not heal for a month.

IN NORWAY.—In early October, just before the leaves change color, every Norwegian farmer fills two or three of his barns with small branches cut from the alder and ash trees; with this food the cows have to be content, for all the hay is required for the horses. The work of collecting and storing these is entrusted to old women and younger girls, the latter climbing up into the trees when necessary.

PEAR TREES.—Pear trees seldom need trimming after they get to bearing except cutting out dead wood, if there is any. The best condition for a pear orchard is to keep the land in sod and never plow it, but not allow the grass to grow within two or three feet of the trunks of the trees. Keep the circle mulched with manure leaves or stones. Manure the land liberally once in three or four years. Allow hogs to root in the orchard and devour all the defective fruit. Seckel pears especially are larger, fairer and higher colored when grown in sod than in cultivated land.

HOG CHOLERA.—A writer, alluding to hog cholera, thinks that the disease may often be traced to bad treatment on the part of the farmer. The infamous plan of leaving the hog for months in wet, mud, sun and bad weather; now with and then without food; sometimes without shelter and then none; feeding them whole corn in their own excrements and urine, and generally supposing that nothing can happen to hogs, until they are sick and nearly dead, is one that needs reform, and that of a radical character. It is much more economical to prevent disease than to allow it to get in a herd and then try to cure it.

THE FARM.—The choice of a farm depends chiefly upon the purpose for which it is to be used. A dairy farm should be either good grass land or light soil adapted for raising green fodder crops. A pasture farm may be rough, and even stony, if the price is consistent, but where the plow is used stone is to be avoided. Swamps and wet ground are to be avoided, even when cheap, as it will cost more than the land will ever be worth, in many cases, to drain them. A person who is not experienced, and even old farmers, may very profitably employ an expert and pay for advice in this respect before purchasing a farm.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 14, 1885.

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THE POWER OF SPEECH.

Everything that belongs to humanity is capable of yielding hidden meanings to any one who will bring a penetrating eye and an interpreting mind to the study. No man can wear a hat or a pair of slippers for a month or two without putting some of his individuality into his garments. "The apparel oft proclaims the man." You may gain plenty of hints concerning character by looking keenly at a man's surroundings—the quality and arrangement of his furniture, books, pictures, ornaments. Without even going into a house, you may often give a shrewd guess at the character of the inmates by a rapid glance at the windows, garden, fences, walls, doors, etc. There is expression in the way any one shakes hands with his friends, in the style in which a smoker holds his pipe or cigar, or puffs out its fumes, in the mode in which a pedestrian wields his stick or umbrella, in the manner of taking food, playing musical instruments or singing songs. Some secret may be let out by the attitude a man takes when he is talking in a parlor or shop, the chair he selects, and the mode in which he sits upon it. The tones of the voice are full of meaning; the selection of phrases, the structure of sentences, everything that a man does, almost everything that he touches, may bear the stamp of his individuality.

And in this connection we may say there is no power of love so hard to get as a sweet voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get a voice that shall at all times speak the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is apt to be got. You often hear children at play speak with a sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and that worst of all discords sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they chance to meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and put by all their sour food for their own board. We would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest's voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the time to come than the best pearl held in the sea.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE residences of the foreign diplomats at Washington, which are technically foreign territories, are not taxed, neither do the ministers or attaches residing in them pay poll taxes or taxes upon personal property.

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IT is estimated that the poor, buying in small quantities, incur unnecessary expense in the following ratio: For an ounce of washing soda the poor trading at small shops pay one cent; a grocer will deliver it for three cents a pound. For flour by the pound they pay a sum equal to $9.80 a barrel for a $5 article. They buy butter at the rate of $5 a tub, which would cost half that amount. A half-pound of sugar costs them five cents, while a pound would be but two cents more. For a 25-cent tea they pay 40 cents; for a 15-cent they pay 30.

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EVERY visitor to the city of Washington likes to take a peep into the dead letter department of the postoffice, though it is not very flattering to be told that nearly 11,000 letters and packages were received there daily, last year, making over 4,000,000 in all. This looks as if there were a great many careless or stupid people in the world. Of these letters, 175,000 had insufficient postage, and on 280,000 the address was illegible. More than 400,000 came from abroad, and were remailed to the countries from whence they were sent. In 85,000, photographs were found, and in others money, amounting to $33,647. The total value of drafts, checks and money orders reached the enormous sum of $1,300,000. Ninety seven per cent. of the money was returned, and this is the case with every letter and package, so far as possible.

—

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but, as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

—

WE should come to our studies with a clear, unprejudiced mind, and with a resolution to persevere until we fully understand our author—to read him. In short, with candor and industry. It is indispensable that we should strive to discover the truth and beauty of a book rather than its errors. We should begin with a trusting rather than a carping spirit. The faults generally float upon the surface, and may be easily discovered. The truths always lie deeper, and must be sought for. The latter will strengthen and fertilize the mind of the reader. The discovery of the former will merely feed his self-conceit.

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How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

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THERE is no sadder sight than a family of growing boys and girls, or grown-up young men and women, accepting coolly and carelessly every form of sacrifice and favor from loving, anxious parents, who are wearing out their lives in their service, and reaping only ingratitude and indifference in return. Let every parent guard against such a state of things by the far more real kindness of training the children from first to last to share with them in the responsibilities, the labors, the sacrifices, the economies, as well as in the pleasures and comforts of the household. Only in this way can a family be truly united, and filial sympathy and gratitude be thoroughly developed.

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THE truly honorable man takes pains to remain ignorant of things that concern him not. He turns aside from the confidential gossip, glances away from the open desk, shuns the place where a whisper is audible, with just as much care as he would use to avoid profiting by a mistake in his change. His curiosity does not crave the knowledge of such matters. It has the whole wide world for its arena, and seeks its satisfaction in more wholesome directions. After all, the information to which we have no right is the smallest, poorest, and least valuable to us of any that we can obtain. Let us cultivate a worthy curiosity on subjects that shall enlarge our minds, deepen our feelings and strengthen our purposes, and we shall shrink from that ignoble inquisitiveness that revels in dishonest gains.

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A BILL relating to the employment of labor has been introduced into the Maine Legislature. It provides that manufacturers shall not employ children under ten years of age, under any circumstances, or employ minors under eighteen years of age, or women, more than sixty hours a week. The bill provides for a penalty that shall extend to corporations for a violation of its provisions in this respect. Provision is also made to compel a proper school attendance of all minors employed by corporations under fifteen years of age. To enforce the provisions of the act, the bill provides for the choosing, in the same manner that constables are chosen, of inspectors of manufactories, whose privilege it shall be to enter all buildings used for manufacturing purposes, and make investigations as to the employment of women and minors. The bill makes it the duty of county attorneys to prosecute violators of the law.

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THE writer of a paper recently read before the French Academy of Medicine, expresses the opinion that one in every five thousand persons is buried alive, while official statistics show that the mortality among sailors from shipwreck averaged one in every four thousand. The question has of late been much discussed by the medical body just mentioned, and it seems to be settled that none of the accepted indications of death, with the single exception of the unmistakable decomposition of the body, are to be regarded as perfectly conclusive. It is certain that the possibility of such a frightful death weighs on the mind of many of the French, as, according to a recent declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries, express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the coffin-lid is screwed down.

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IF we want anything of our children or our servants, we should not, merely because we have the authority to command, give a bold order, but why not use the gentle, "Please will you do this?" "I should like for you to do that." When service is rendered we are not to take it in silence, curtly, rudely, because we have a right to the service; but it is easy to say, "Thanks," or "I am much obliged," or "Oh, that is nicely done." These little every day courtesies are called the small change of life, but we should be badly off in trade if we had no small change, and must always deal with large coin; while the small change of politeness mounts up to a great sum in a lifetime. If parents have plenty of this small change of politeness on hand, it will be put in circulation in the family. The children will pay it out to each other, to servants, to playmates, and with it family peace and family affection will be largely purchased. Home is the place where true politeness tells.

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THE value of forestry laws and cultivation, and of the preservation of timber, is illustrated by a report just received at the Department of Agriculture from Southern Australia. That colony, a dry region, has maintained a forestry department for the past eight years with the following results: Forest reserves, 150,366 acres, having 30 per cent. of indigenous forest trees; plantation, 6,037 acres; revenues, $223,581; expenditures, $223,618, making a deficit of only $37. There are now living 744,000 trees planted by the state foresters; over half a million saplings have been pruned and cared for, and there are 100,000 more young trees in the forest reserves, growing well under promising conditions. The department claims to have really added in its eight years of work 1,444,000 thriving trees to the forest timber of the colony. There are six nurseries, from which 1,000,000 young trees are annually obtainable. The value of all property is estimated at $300,000, obtained at a cost of $10,000.

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CHILDREN think much more deeply than we imagine; we should therefore answer their questions to the best of our ability, unless evidently asked in a spirit of frivolity, and try to explain to them reasons for things they see occurring around them, and for the acts you yourself perform. Gain their confidence in every way in your power. A mother should be more of a monitor than a teacher, or rather she ought to be both combined. You like to see your boy clever, doubtless, but do not make a show child of him. Do not even let him know you think him clever, and discourage all pertness in conversation, for this too often borders on impertinence. Never permit him to contradict you. If he contradicts his mother, may he not, when old enough to go out, be guilty at table of very great rudeness? At the same time, mothers should never deserve contradiction. When you have occasion to reprove, beware of doing so angrily. It is far better to speak gently and make the child feel ashamed of himself, because shame breeds sorrow and contrition, and this in its turn the desire to behave far better in the time to come.

HEART AND HAND.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

The heart is man's most vital part
And waits upon him night and day,
Thence all the ruddy bright streams dart,
That vivify this house of clay.

It works until life's sun is set
A bondsman true—a servile slave,
For should it e'er its toil forget,
Man sinks into the silent grave.

And as it is life's fountain head
And feeds the wondrous human frame,
E'en so it proves to those who wed,
The source of love's undying flame.

So if the heart the bonds command,
Pure wedlock beams with radiless bloom,
But if it goes not with the hand,
Then Hymen's joys drop in the tomb.

A Caged Bird.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

TO and fro in her bedroom, casting disdainful glances at the flimsy curtains of the window, the glaring, huge-patterned chints of the bed furniture, and the tasteless, highly-colored lithographs on the wall, paced Elma Corbaux, her bosom swelling with indignation and disgust.

"I cannot be happy here," she was saying to herself. "It is impossible. Why was I so foolish as to accept my uncle's invitation? For a month, too! I have consented to stay four tedious weeks, and assured myself that I should find the time only too brief; but that was before I saw his wife and daughters. Why did I act so hastily? And how on earth shall I ever endure my life with people whom I already find myself despising?"

A loud drumming at the door was followed by a shrill call.

"Cousin! I say, cousin! dinner will be on the table in five minutes. Are you ready?"

"Not quite," was the reply.

"Then you ought to be. Tom and I always race each other to see which will be dressed first; and father raves if he is kept waiting. So don't play off any city tricks and be behind time. Shall I come in and help you?"

Elma, not content with having turned the key in the lock, now set her back against the door, crying, hastily:

"Thanks very much, but I do not require any assistance!"

"That's nonsence," she was bluntly told; "those little bits of fingers can't untie the knots in the cords of your trunks. Besides, I want to see what you've got in them, so let me in."

But to Elma's great relief, a shout from below made the speaker rush noisily away, and she was able to smooth her hair, and make a few alterations to dress without further interruption.

But in the midst of her toilet she sat down on the foot of the bed to soliloquize once more.

"I have been a most unlucky damsel this summer! Poor mamma's illness kept me a prisoner when everyone else was off to the seaside or the lakes; and when she and I were looking forward to a charming sojourn at Mentone, her fears that Bella's shoulder was growing out compelled me to sacrifice myself to my younger sister, and stay at home, that Bella might be mamma's companion and kept under her loving eye.

"Then the prospect of spending a few weeks in the country—and—and—why should I deny it?—of seeing Sir Kirby Endale's place, and perhaps meeting him at the house of some mutual acquaintance, made me consent readily to come and spend the term of mamma's absence with her half-sister, Mrs. Pearson; and how could I dream that I should find my aunt a jaded, washed-out nonenity, or that her husband and daughters are—but that hideous din announces dinner, and I must be quick! After all I may find these relations of mine more endurable when I have grown accustomed to them."

But Thomasina and Jemima Pearson were not of the species of young ladies who can be said to improve on acquaintance; for they were not ingenuous, good-natured rustics, whose deficiencies are atoned for by their sweetness of temper and simplicity.

They were very handsome girls, tall, well-made, with ruddy complexions, sparkling eyes, and masses of blue-black hair, that, when unfastened, hung about them like a veil. But their father, proud of their good looks, had eulogized them in the hearing of his daughters, till their self-importance and conceit betrayed them into all kinds of follies.

Regarding themselves as the queens of the county, they rode, romped, pushed their way into society on all occasions, and made themselves so conspicuous that "those Pearson girls," as they were contemptuously designated, were only tolerated by their neighbors because their equally vulgar father was a wealthy though penurious man, and would be able to dower them munificently.

"We must do something to amuse our London cousin now she has done us the honor to come and stop with us," said Miss Jemima, when the first course was removed and she was sufficiently at leisure to imitate her sister, who was critically inspecting Elma's attire, and comparing it in its elegant simplicity with her own bright blue silk and elaborate trimmings of moonlight beads.

"Lor', yes, we must have a flare up or two," replied Miss Pearson, "They go in for archery at the Earl's and why not we? and we could have a gipsy party, and a dinner with a dance after it."

"I wont have my house turned inside out," growled Mr. Pearson, "and the paint scratched, and the furniture knocked about to please a lot of swells who hardly condescend to know one in the magistrates' room or at the town hall."

"Lor', pa, that's only the Earl and Sir Kirby Endale and their set!" retorted Jemima. "You should do as I do, make them know you. At the country ball Tom and I danced with all the best men there, while girls who think themselves far above us scarcely got a partner at all: and why but because we held up our heads, marched to the top of the room, and if people would'nt talk to us, talked for them. It was jolly fun I can tell you."

"And we'll have all the officers from Darston Barracks at our archery meeting and pic-nic," said Thomasina, confidently. "You shall ride over and invite them, pa, and I'll go with you. I'll bet you a dozen of gloves that we shan't get many refusals."

"Happy thought!" exclaimed her sister. "Who knows but we may secure a husband for Elma amongst them? You need not blush so, cousin. If you never have had an offer that's no reason why you never should. And pale girls like you, with no looks to boast of, do sometimes marry tolerably."

"Ha!" said Mr. Pearson, leaning back in his chair and gazing complacently at his stout, rosy daughters, "when mamma and I have got these saucy chits off our hands we must take pity of little milk-and-water, and then look around and see what we can do for her."

"She only wants bringing out!" observed Jemima, regarding her cousin with good-natured contempt. "We must teach her to wear smarter clothes, and not to look quite so solemn; and when we have introduced her to a few of the young men we know—"

"Oh, pray," exclaimed Elma, half amused, half vexed, "have compassion upon my ignorance of country manners and customs, and let me find my amusement in sketching some of your beautiful scenery, or staying with my aunt—you will have me for a companion, won't you, aunt?"

Mrs. Pearson looked quite disconcerted at being thus addressed, and fidgeted and "hemmed" as she replied:

"Well, yes, my dear; but you see—you know—you cannot be in good health to wish to mope like that! My girls never care to stay with me unless they're not well; and I'm afraid—that is, I——"

"Never mind saying any more, ma!" exclaimed the elder Miss Pearson. "We understand all about it! Elma has been shut up with old folk and in sick rooms, till she daren't say 'boh' to a goose; but we'll wake her up!"

"I tell you what we'll do to-morrow," said Jemima, confidentially, when Mr. Pearson began to nod over his wine and walnuts. "We three girls will have out the trap and drive over to Kirby Endale's. He has fought shy of us ever since we met him at Thorpe's dinner-party; and you did make eyes at him rather too openly, Tom—upon my word you did!"

"Stuff!" cried Thomasina, reddening angrily. "You thought so because he was the only man worth flirting with, and you couldn't get him yourself!"

"Well, we won't quarrel about it, or we shall wake pa, and perhaps he'll let us have the horse, said her more pacific sister. "We will drive over to the Abbey, and make Elma our excuse."

"Me!" cried her horrified auditor. "Not for worlds! How can you? What is it you mean?"

"Lor', child! nothing that need put you in such a flurry! We shall simply say that we have a cousin from London staying with us, who has a great desire to inspect such an ancient house as Endale Abbey, and he cannot do less than ask us to take you there."

"I beg—I insist that no such request be made to Sir Kirby in my name! I would rather die than thrust myself on his notice," cried Elma, so vehemently, that Mrs. Pearson, who had been nodding as well as her spouse, woke up with a little scream; and Mr. Pearson, also startled from his slumbers, began crossly to demand what they were all doing, and why he couldn't sit and think for five minutes without being so rudely disturbed?

His daughters, laying all the blame on their cousin, who was "the oddest of girls," they declared, "and as prim as a quaker," coaxed him into good-humor; and willing to oblige her hosts if she could, Elma sang to them all the new songs she could remember, and had the satisfaction of being told that, although she had nothing else to recommend her, she certainly had a voice like a bird's, and would be very useful whenever the officers called, because she would be able to amuse the non-eligibles at the piano.

When once more shut in her chamber, Elma alternately laughed and blushed as she recalled some of the speeches of her self-confident cousins. So they knew Sir Kirby Endale better, perhaps than she did, for they had been his neighbors for years, while her acquaintance with him had been, alas! of the briefest.

Last summer she had acted as bridesmaid to a school friend, and in that capacity had accompanied her and her bridegroom to Paris. There they had encountered Sir Kirby, with whom Mr. Corbaux was acquainted, and for a few happy days had been constantly thrown together, separating with shy regret on Elma's part, and a promise on the Baronet's to join her and her friends at Biarritz, where they proposed spending the last part of their honeymoon.

This promise he did not—nay, could not—keep, being recalled to England by the decease of his uncle. But had he forgotten the girl for whom his eyes had revealed such growing affection that he never sought her at the home of her parents—never strove to recall himself to her recollection? And how could she bear to be suddenly thrust into his presence by her boydenish relatives? He would think her as bold, as unmaidenly as they were; and Elma, who had been buoying herself with hopes of some accidental *rencontre* which would lead to the explanation of his conduct she still believed he would be able to give, now saw these hopes dashed to the ground, and that her only course would be to avoid him.

"They cannot make me go to the Abbey against my will," she told herself; and went to rest at last, consoled with the thought that her visit would soon be at an end, and never need be repeated.

As soon as breakfast was over, and Mr. Pearson had ridden away on his stout cob to superintend the breaking-up of some waste land at a distant corner of his estate, Thomasina rang for the groom, and enforced, by a liberal bribe, her request that the handsome mare no one but her father was permitted to drive should be harnessed to the dogcart, in which she proposed storming the Abbey.

"We shall take you with us, ma, for appearance sake," she told poor Mrs. Pearson, whose feeble protests that her nerves would be quite upset by Thomasina's reckless driving, were all overruled, and she was hurried away to equip herself for the visit.

"And you, too, Elma, must look sharp!" Jemima warned her. "Black Bess won't submit to be kept standing, and we must be home again before pa, or there'll be a tremendous shine!"

"Not through me, I hope," said Elma, politely, but firmly, "as I believe I assured you last evening that I should decline to accompany you to Endale Abbey."

"Oh, but that's utter nonsense. Shyness may be carried too far. However are you to know anybody if you will not put yourself forward?"

"I have as large a circle of friends and acquaintances as I desire to possess," was the smiling response.

Thomasina Pearson turned up her nose in a sneering manner.

"I daresay you have. Old fogies who would be shocked if you stopped over the line but the sixteenth of an inch. It's time you were emancipated from such thraldom and saw a little of life. You'd best come, cousin! You won't? Positively? Why, how can you be so foolish?"

"I am just as grateful to you for the kindness of your intentions," said Elma, so sweetly, that not a little to her surprise, Jemima put her arms around her and gave her a hearty kiss.

"There's something about you one can't help liking," the young lady observed, apologetically, "and you shan't lose your chance of getting a beau through your timidity, for we'll make Sir Kirby come back with us and personally invite you to the Abbey. We'll tell him our cousin is too bashful to go to his house till he does."

"Oh, pray—pray!" cried Elma, in sincere distress, "do not mention me to him! I beg—I entreat that you will not!"

But the groom bringing the equipage to the door, and shouting to the young ladies that the mare was very fresh and would not stand, they rushed away, turning a deaf ear to their cousin's entreaties, and dragging their mother with them.

Elma forgot her own vexation in terror for the safety of the trio, while they scrambled into the vehicle, and by dint of sheer strength pulled Mrs. Pearson into it with them. Then, screaming and wailing, she clung to Jemima, while their restive steed jibbed, and reared, and capered wildly round, till Thomasina's firm hold of the reins reduced it to more moderate behavior; though even then the animal dashed down the avenue at such a mad gallop that the old groom wiped the perspiration from his brow and piously hoped that the whole of the mad lot of them would come safe out of it somehow.

After Elma had been somewhat reassured by catching a glimpse of them climbing a distant hill at a leisurely pace, that proved how a sharp ascent was tending to subdue the high spirits of the mare and ensure the safety of the occupants of the carriage, she began to consider her own dilemma. Then it was that she asked, with the very natural dismay of a delicate, high-minded girl, how she was to avoid appearing to seek Sir Kirby Endale instead of being sought by him.

"I made a mistake in coming here!" she murmured, scarlet with shame, "and how can I repair it? He will regard me, and treat me, as just such another bold and presuming creature as these cousins of mine, and how can I convince him to the contrary? If they bring him how shall I meet him? Will it not be torture to meet him at all in the presence of such girls as Thomasina and Jemima?"

Determined to save herself from such an ordeal, and to plead indisposition during the remainder of her sojourn at Mr. Pearson's, as an excuse for not appearing in the drawing-room at all, Elma went upstairs and leisurely unpacked her sketch-book and pencils. As soon as the time drew near when the return of her aunt and cousins might be expected, she softly descended to the drawing-room, let herself out through the conservatory, and walked away, determined not to return to the house till all danger of encountering Sir Kirby was over.

It mattered little to her in what direction she rambled, so that it did not lead her toward Endale Abbey; and remembering that on the previous day Jemima, while doing the honors of the grounds, had pointed out a ruined tower at the end of a long vista, she determined to turn her steps thither. The distance proved greater than she had anticipated, and the ruins could not be on Mr. Pearson's estate for she had to climb a low stone wall and cross a ditch—fortunately dry—to reach it. She was very much surprised, too, on coming near to the building, to see that it formed a portion of an ancient castle, having been the highest point of the keep; probably for no better reason than that it formed a picturesque object in the landscape, this tower was carefully preserved from sharing the fate of the rest. The roof had been repaired as well as the steps leading to the rooms in the upper story—rooms from whose dismantled windows a glorious prospect could be enjoyed.

Delighted with the calm beauty of the spot, Elma seated herself on a fallen tree and drew a spirited sketch of the keep, to be completed in water colors at her leisure; and not till tolerably satisfied with her performance did she determine to climb to the summit of the tower and enjoy the view it commanded.

The solitude was almost oppressive; and when from a dark corner a pair of white owls, with their uncanny eyes, peered at her, Elma was so startled as to be almost inclined to relinquish her adventure; but laughing at herself for her folly, she climbed on, safely reached the upper story, and with eager hand parting the ivy that draped each loophole and casement with its evergreen tendrils, looked forth.

But Elma had scarcely taken one delighted glance around her, when she shrank back in the greatest consternation. Two gentlemen were coming swiftly towards the tower, and in one of them she had recognised Sir Kirby Endale! When she again ventured to approach the window, it was to discover that they had seated themselves on a couple of the huge stones that lay on either side the portal, and were lighting their segars, chatting and laughing the while, the clearness of the air and the stillness of the place rendering every word they uttered audible to the perplexed girl in her eyrie above.

She could not play the listener, neither had she the courage to make her presence known to them. What, then, could she or should she do?

While Elma stood helplessly wringing her hands she heard Sir Kirby laugh the gay laugh once so familiar.

"Yes I plead guilty," he said to his companion. "I am the thorough coward you call me, and deserve no thanks for walking thus far with you, as I only came to avoid my visitors. But if you knew what atrocious girls Tom and Jem Pearson are—how they fasten upon a fellow, and will not be shaken off—how glaringly they costume their really fine persons, and how ashamed one feels to be hailed as an intimate friend by such a pair, no matter where you are, or with whom—a peer or a bishop—you would not wonder that I try to keep out of their way."

"Put an end to the annoyance by marrying one of them," silly counselled the gentleman to whom he was speaking "You could reduce your wife to obedience, and shut your doors against your sister-in-law if she proved a nuisance."

"Thanks for the advice, but the remedy would be worse than the disease. What do you think of this old tower?" asked Sir Kirby, abruptly changing the distasteful subject. "It is all that remains of the castle of the Earls of Harlingford. My aunt the Dowager Countess lives at that pretty modern villa you were just admiring. What do you say to finishing our cigars on the summit? From there I can descry the road by which my tormentresses will return to their own home. Not till they are safely housed shall I venture out of hiding."

Elma stopped to hear no more. If the gentlemen came up here, what would become of her?

There was a small inner room, and to this she fled, her movements hastened by the sound of their footsteps. The door, though low, was so heavy that it was with the greatest difficulty she could close it; yet when the rusty lock did slip into the catch, it was with startling celerity and a whirring noise that must have reached the ears of Sir Kirby and his friend if they had not been talking too busily to notice it.

Shivering and crouching in the farthest corner was Elma, while the young men sauntered from window to window, remarking on the view, and once drawing so near the door of her refuge that her heart stood still, and she longed for the walls to open and hide her.

But now an exclamation was uttered by Sir Kirby's friend:

"By George! I shall loose my train if I don't run for it! No, no, Kirby, you sha'n't come a step farther; you might rush into the arms of the Pearson belles. Good-bye, old fellow; hope to see you soon in town!"

Away he went, and Sir Kirby lit another cigar, and leaning his elbows on one of the stone windowsills, lazily watched the distant highway, little thinking who was trembling so near him. Twice he sighed so profoundly that it was evident his meditations were not very cheerful ones; but presently Elma heard him exclaim:

"Ha! there they go, their ribbons fluttering in the breeze, and I may stroll home again! If they knew what a profound contempt I entertain for the whole sex, they would spare me their civilities!"

Away went Sir Kirby; and Elma, seized with an intense desire to behold him once more, would have quitted her place of concealment and perched herself at some loophole, where—herself unseen—she could watch him cross the green sward. But when she attempted to open the door, she found it too firmly fixed to yield to her efforts. Growing more and more frightened every moment, she bruised her hands in

useless attempts to unclose it, and only relinquished them when convinced that they were made in vain.

And then Elma's cheeks blanched with deadly terror; for how was she to obtain her release? There was only one casement in this room, and that was at so great a height that she could not reach it. She might scream for help, but who would hear her? To this lonely spot no one might come for days; or if they did, would not a few hours spent in such a dreadful position, a prey to the horror of death by starvation, deprive her of her reason if it did not absolutely kill her?

Throwing herself on her knees, with passionate sobs she put up half-frenzied prayers to be rescued from her impending doom praying yet more and more earnestly, till with joy unutterable a hand tapped fondly on the door, and a voice demanded who was within.

"Help! help! whoever you are, do not go away—do not leave me here alone!" implored Elma. "I have shut the door and cannot open it!"

There was no mistaking the agony of terror in her voice; and begging her to be patient, her new friend set to work with a huge stone and battered the lock till it partially gave way. One heave from a pair of stalwart shoulders did the rest, and the trembling, overwrought Elma, who was still on her knees, was gently raised and led to a bench beneath a window.

As the light fell upon her pale face, and she raised her eyes gratefully to those of her preserver, there was mutual recognition. It was to Sir Kirby Endale she owed her release. He had dropped his cigar-case in the tower, and discovering his loss soon after he left it, had retraced his steps, and his astonishment may be imagined when Elma's sobs and prayers reached his ears, and he discovered that a woman was immured in the inner chamber.

The first to regain presence of mind was the Baronet, who bowed coldly, and inquired if he could be of any further service; or if she could tell him who had the thoughtlessness or audacity to imprison her there, that he might take steps for their punishment.

"I closed the door myself," said Elma, with the hardihood of despair. His distant air, his constrained looks convinced her that he loved her no longer, and she would not let him think that she regretted it. "I came here to sketch, and finding that I was in danger of being intruded upon, retreated to yonder cell, little dreaming that I was caging myself in a prison from which I could not get free."

Sir Kirby made some polite rejoinder, and with the same cold civility inquired if he could escort her to her residence.

"Thanks very much, but how could I think of troubling you, seeing that I am the guest and distant connection of those atrocious girls the Pearsons."

The Baronet bit his lip, and felt bound to murmur an excuse for his plain speaking.

"Pray do not apologize!" she cried quickly. "It is not of the slightest consequence to me in what esteem Sir Kirby Endale holds my relatives."

"And you prefer that I should leave you? Farewell, then, madam; I thank you for sparing me the mockery of a pretence at friendship, and will not annoy you with any reproaches. Be but truer to the husband for whom you jilted *me*——"

But Elma was on her feet, her clasped hands extended, and every feature quivering with emotion. What was he saying? Under what strange mistake was he laboring? Who could have told him such cruel falsehoods?

In an instant his arms were wrapped around her.

"Miss Corbaux—Elma—dearest Elma—have I indeed been deceived, and you are still the frank, faithful girl I knew at Paris? But what am I to think—what am I to believe? I wrote to Mrs. Carfrae as soon as my uncle's funeral was over, asking if you were still with her, and if not, whether she would send me your address. She answered that her cousin was on the point of marriage with a French count they had met at Biarritz."

"But I am not Hattie Carfrae's cousin. She was always a harum-scarum little creature, and must have thought—if she took the trouble to think at all—that you were speaking of her aunt Ellen's eldest daughter who joined us at Biarritz."

"But why did she condole with me on my disappointment, and tell me that Ellie had always been a sad flirt?"

"I cannot explain this, and yet I think I can. There was an occasion when Ellen interposed to shield me from the impertinent questions of an old spinster, and stated so coolly that it was she who had been the object of Sir Kirby Endale's attentions, that Hattie must have believed her."

"And but for this fortunate *rencontre* I should have gone to my grave sadly convinced that Elma—my Elma—had given herself to another."

"And if I," murmured Elma, hysterically, "had not resolved to avoid seeing you, I should not have come here."

"Then fate has been kind to us at last, and in opening the cage of my birdie I have been so blest as to win back her love and confidence! Is it not so, my darling?"

There is no record of Elma's reply, but the Misses Pearsons lost their guest a few hours after she astonished them by walking in on the arm of Sir Kirby, for the Dowager Lady Harlingford drove over at his instigation, to beg Mr. and Mrs. Pearson would spare their niece to her; and they were too much flattered by the honor to offer any objection.

It was not, however, till Tom and Jem, having been wooed by a pair of bold brothers from Australia, had been carried off to that colony, and persuaded their parents to accompany them, that Sir Kirby and his bride came to reside permanently at the Abbey, where the windows of Elma's favorite apartment command a distant view of the ruined keep in which she once spent the brief captivity that ended in a very happy marriage.

A Bone of Contention.

BY E. K. H.

THE first baby is not generally supposed to be a bone of contention. On the contrary it is considered a bond of union between its parents. Strange, however, to say, this was not the case with Captain Grant, of the — Hussars, and his wife. Indeed it nearly caused an estrangement and it certainly had to answer for the only quarrel they ever had.

There is no doubt that when the infant first made its appearance, Jack Grant was enfolded and pressed a father as could be found. He tried to see the numerous likenesses to various relatives which his wife discovered in their son; he persuaded himself he felt highly flattered when she declared she saw in the somewhat plain infant a strong look of himself; and finally wound himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, he actually made an awkward attempt to hold the child and even impressed a fatherly kiss on its small, mottled, red face.

This was a very happy state of affairs so long as it lasted, but unfortunately a change was soon to be observed. Captain Grant began to wish his wife could find some other subject on which to exercise her conversational powers than "the baby;" he also commenced to wonder if it was necessary to talk to the child in the senseless and extremely odd style which she and the nurse invariably used when they addressed it. At last he was obliged to confess to himself that, unnatural as it seemed, he occasionally found his boy, in spite of his numerous perfections, a decided bore.

"You see," he confided to his chum, Jim Reeves, "a fellow gets so deuced sick of hearing nothing but agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble-bubble, which is the way my wife and the nurse always speak to the poor little brat. I can't get the idiotic rubbish out of my head; and upon my word, when some of the fellows the other day at the mess were talking of the new regulations that had just come out, and asked me what I thought of them, I was as near as possible making a consummate ass of myself before them all, by answering, 'Agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble-bubble.' I assure you I was within an ace of doing so. If I could have a little sensible conversation with my wife when the child has been put to bed, it would not be so bad; but sleeping or waking 'the baby' occupies all the attention. I am supposed to be violently excited to hear of the 'heavenly, sweet smile' that came over the brat's face when he saw his bottle being brought to him, or that he has managed to crawl three more inches on the ground, or something else that appears to me equally uninteresting. It's really rough on a fellow."

"Rather trying," remarked his friend, sympathetically.

"Trying!" replied Jack. "That is not the word for it. I declare it makes me so irritable, I sometimes feel inclined to swear at them all round, the baby included."

"Come," answered Jim, reprovingly, "I call that unfair. What! swear at a helpless infant, whose only method of retort and strongest language for some time to come will be 'a-goo' and 'a-bubble.' This is fighting upon unequal terms with a vengeance."

"Oh, if you are going to chaff me I'll shut up," replied Jack testily. "I only wish you were bothered by the same sort of thing, and then I don't think you would find it so amusing," saying which he turned on his heel and walked away in a huff.

It was in this unsatisfactory frame of mind regarding his firstborn, that Jack proceeded to wend his way home one cold winter's afternoon, a short time before Christmas. He had had a hard day's work, and was looking forward with a feeling of relief to a chat with his wife and a cigar before dinner. True his mind was somewhat disturbed by the thought that it was possible the *tete-a-tete* he anticipated might be broken into by the presence of a third party. But he resolutely shook off this gloomy foreboding, and walked on briskly towards his destination.

On arriving there and hearing his wife's voice somewhere overhead, he called out to her he was home and was going to the smoking-room, where he would be glad of her company till it was time to dress for dinner.

"Very well, dear," she answered brightly; "we'll come in a minute."

"We!" said Jack to himself "who else is she bringing? Surely it can't be the child. She can never mean to turn this room, as well as every other in the house, into a nursery. Hang it all, that would really be unbearable!"

If, however, he had any doubts on the subject, they were soon to be dispelled, for he had hardly lit his cigar before his wife made her appearance with the baby in her arms.

"Well," thought Jack resignedly. "I suppose there is nothing to do but grin and bear it."

"Now, Jack, my dearest," exclaimed his wife gushingly, "I have such a piece of news for you. You will *never* guess what it is. It is something almost too delightful for words.

"I also have something to tell you," broke in Jack, as his wife paused to take breath, for he felt instinctively that the important news to which his wife referred has something to do with his offspring, and he knew that once that all-absorbing subject was up all other topics of conversation would be inevitably banished for the time being. "I also have something to tell you. I met Chalmers to-day; he is staying here for a few days with his cousin, so I asked him to come and dine with us some time next week, and I think we might invite one or two people to meet him. Now, on what day do you think we had better ask him, and who else shall we have?"

"I will think about it in a minute," answered his little wife eagerly, "but I *must* tell you my news first. Fancy! Baby is getting a tooth, and he is only just four months old!"

"That's capital," said Jack, in a voice intended to express unlimited delight. "There is no doubt that the little fellow is very well on for his age. I should think now he will be trotting about all over the place before we know where we are."

"I don't think I should feel I was doing my duty by him if I allowed him to do such a thing, even if he could," replied his wife severely. "I don't know if you are particularly anxious to see your child grow up bandy-legged. I can't say I am."

"Ah, yes, I forgot he is rather weak in the legs at present," remarked Jack in a crestfallen voice. "But, May," he continued, more cheerfully, feeling he had done his duty bravely, and nothing more could be expected of him for the present, "what about having Chalmers?"

"Let me see," said May, thoughtfully. Then, appealing to the baby, "What does 'oo think, my pretty? Agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bubble-bubble——"

"Come," said Jack, a little impatiently, "try to arrange something, as Chalmers is only here for a few days, and I want you to write to him to-night."

"Must we tink, my sweet?" continued May, apparently oblivious of everything but the existence of her son, and only half hearing her husband's last remark. "Must we tink, my beauty? Well, then, agoo-and-agoo-and-a-bub——"

"For Heaven's sake! try for one moment to attend to what I am saying," said Jack sharply. "I won't trouble you long, and then you will be at liberty to return to your very intellectual conversation with the child."

This time, May quite took in what her husband said, but being annoyed at the way he had spoken she determinedly took no notice of his request, but staring absently into the fire, went on talking to her baby.

"Yes, my own own, does your pretty papa want——"

"Confound it!" exclaimed poor tired Jack angrily, "Do you want to drive me mad with your infernal nonsense? I have never yet been considered pretty, nor have I any wish to be called so at this time of my life. Can't you find a more suitable adjective to apply to me than that?"

"Indeed I can," returned May, losing her temper in her turn; "cross, ill-tempered, rude, unnatural, cruel, are all words which may be applied to you in your present state of mind."

"Well, I am sure I am not surprised," retorted Jack, "the only wonder is, I don't go off my head with hearing the flow of absurd nonsense that seems to me to go on, morning, noon, and night."

"If you call talking to one's own child, absurd nonsense, I don't," said May, with a great assumption of maternal dignity.

"I must say it never struck me that you intended to talk; I thought it was merely babbling, but of course that may be my ignorance. Perhaps you will be kind enough to enlighten me as to the meaning of that much used word—agoo."

"I shall do no such a thing, for I can see you are sneering both at me and my child. I must say for a man who sets up to be a gentleman, it is an extremely curious way of behaving. I confess I should never have thought you capable of speaking to me in the way you have."

"For goodness' sake, don't preach; I am much too tired to listen."

"Very well, then, if my conversation bores you I most certainly won't remain here any longer," saying which, May walked out of the room looking very injured, and kissing her son as she went, murmuring tenderly, "at any rate your *mother* loves you, my darling."

In spite however of the satisfaction of having enjoyed the last word, as she carried Baby to the nursery, May felt a very queer feeling in her throat, and seemed to have developed a cold in the head, in a remarkably short space of time.

Having left Baby in Nurse's charge, and, much to that worthy woman's astonishment, having parted from him without any of those little endearments she was wont to use to him before doing so, she proceeded straight to her room.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Nurse, using that phrase, so much beloved by the lower orders of society, which says so little but is intended to convey so much. "I never did! To think she should leave her first-born without so much as a parting blessing! Never mind, my sweety, if your mother forsakes you, your old nurse never will. No, thank 'eaven, I tries to do my dooty by you, my hangel, and nought shall tempt my soul to go astray," and then, having delivered herself of these lofty and truly elevating sentiments, apropos of nothing in particular, she proceeded to undress and bathe the infant, feeling in that virtuous frame of mind we all enjoy when we have been saying anything very righteous and moral, whatever our acts may be.

In the meanwhile, the unfortunate object of Nurse's displeasure was sitting in her room, weeping bitterly, all her dignity and temper washed away by her tears. It must be acknowledged that it was some time before May arrived at this state of penitence. At first she could think of nothing but the contempt with which she considered Jack had treated her son; it was this, she told herself, that wounded her, even more than the way he had spoken to her. He had not kissed it when he came in, had expressed no desire to look at its mouth and judge for himself as to whether the tooth would be long in coming (which was what anyone with even a moderate share of fatherly feeling would have done), and, in fact, he had behaved disgracefully.

"Yes disgracefully," she repeated to herself, as she sat by her window looking out into the winter's gloom, with flushed cheeks and eyes full of angry tears, which she was too proud to let fall, "disgracefully; and so I shall tell him when I see him."

By-and-bye, however, her anger began to vanish, and her reflections with regard to Jack were of a milder description. Had she not been a little hasty with him? After all, might he not, perhaps, have reason to complain? Of course, it was difficult to understand anyone being bored by Baby, with his funny little ways and odd little chuckle; but still, what had her dear old mother said, when she told her of her plan of bringing him up from his earliest infancy to be a great companion to his father, so that he should learn as soon as possible to enter into all his parent's plans? "Take care, ma dear," had been her mother's words, "that you don't give Jack too much of a good thing." Well, she had laughed at the idea, but was there not some truth in the advice? Perhaps poor Jack had come home tired, quite worn-out, and in no humor for Baby's company, so no wonder he had been a little impatient. There was no doubt he was really very good-tempered; he could not have been feeling so bright as usual, or he would not have been annoyed. It was all her fault for teasing him with her nonsense, and she ought to be ashamed of herself. Yes, his health was rapidly being ruined, and it was entirely her own doing; upon which, having arrived at this melancholy conclusion, she could no longer restain her grief, but burst into a flood of tears.

It was at this stage of the proceedings, and while she was sobbing most vehemently, she felt her husband's strong arms round her, as he said gently:

"Don't cry, little woman. I'm awfully sorry for all I said."

Then, as she looked up at him with a loving though rather watery smile, he continued regretfully: "I can't think what made me behave to you as I did. I know I was an awful brute, but I was not feeling very fit; not that that is any excuse for the way I spoke to you. But please forgive me darling."

May's answer to this somewhat incoherent speech was to throw her arms round Jack's neck and give him a good hug, as she said impulsively: "Why, Jack, I want you to forgive me. I am so sorry I lost my temper."

"Why, you have no reason to apologize," he replied. "I am sure I wonder you did not give it to me hot as I deserved, and it is only because you are the dearest little girl that ever lived that you did not do so. But let us forget the unpleasant business an' kiss and be friends," saying which, he suited the action to word, and the reconciliation was complete.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to pay a visit to the cause of all the trouble, and this was not forgotten, as after a minute or two May and Jack proceeded to the nursery, and as Baby happened to be enjoying his bottle, chanced to be in a very good temper. Accordingly, when he saw his parents, he condescended to look up for a moment from his meal, and give them a most amiable smile—a little rapid, perhaps, but still very well-meaning, so that nothing was wanting to complete the family felicity.

After this little episode everything went considerably smoother. May realized that a man of thirty and an infant of four months are not very congenial companions, seeing they can hardly be said to have many ideas in common, and that the former decidedly objects to be deserted for the latter; whilst Jack on his part began to comprehend what an unfailing source of interest and amusement a baby is to womankind in general, and its mother in particular, and so learnt to make allowances for the raptures with which his wife viewed their child. Having arrived, therefore, at a better understanding on the subject, it never again caused any trouble, and if you were now to ask his parents about him, they would tell you that since that time Baby has never been anything to them but a bond of union.

Mab's Keepsake.

BY A. B. P.

MAB and I had been idling about in Tuscany for some weeks with uncle Wallace, and we had many plans made for more extended journeyings, when our uncle was suddenly obliged to return to England on pressing business. As we could not and would not accompany him, he installed us in a quiet little hotel, gave a liberal allowance of pocket-money, and left us with strict injunctions to remain quietly where we were until his return. We were to make no excursions requiring longer than a day's absence—for uncle Wallace highly disapproved of ladies travelling alone in foreign countries. I was quite old enough to chaperon Mab whither soever she cared to go; but, not being argumentative, I agreed to keep her and my

self in strict seclusion until our uncle rejoined us.

But, after three days of our own society, we both grew horribly mopish. Mab had made crooked little sketches of the old cathedral till we both hated the sight of the hoary edifice, we had tried all the cakes in the little confectioner's, and had read our small library twice over.

"Effie, there is to be a rural *fete* at San Vito on Wednesday, and I am going," Mabel announced on the fourth day.

"San Vito is eight hours from here," I said deprecatingly.

"I don't care if it is eighty."

"But think of your promise to Uncle Wallace not to go anywhere."

"We shall be away only one night; and I shall die of the blues, if we don't have some amusement."

I remonstrated to the utmost of my ability but was overruled in the end, as I knew I should be. Mab, having had her own way ever since she was a baby, was not likely to relinquish her sceptre at the ripe age of twenty. So the next afternoon, armed with shawl straps and a small valise, we betook ourselves to the railway-station and bought tickets for San Vito.

"Mademoiselle should inquire carefully the hours of the trains, as the time-tables are often inaccurate on this line," said our smiling landlord, as we departed.

Our only fellow-traveller in the coupe was a gentleman of about thirty. He was reading the *Times* as we entered; but I noticed that he seemed to take more interest in Mab's pretty face than in the news. Yet he was not the least impertinent; and he apparently imagined that his furtive but comprehensive glances were quite unnoticed.

Every one admired Mabel—she was like a sea-shell, or a tea-rose, or any delicately-tinted lovely bit of nature—and I could not blame this man for being only human. He had pleasant dark eyes with plenty of fun in them, sleek dark hair, a good length of limb, and a look of the patrician about him from the toe of his well-fitting boot to his finely-shaped hand.

As the stranger had been thoughtful and kind concerning the disposal of our luggage and the arrangement of refractory curtains, politeness demanded that I should address him, and we were soon chatting together like old friends. He gave us his card, on which was engraved, "Sidney Weir, Oaklands, Kent," and he gleaned from our conversation that the Misses Warburton of Exham were his travelling companions. It suddenly occurred to me that I was playing the chaperon very badly in making such advances to a perfect stranger, and I tried to frighten Mab into becoming propriety and reserve; but, when I flattered myself that I was looking my sternest, she actually gave Mr. Weir her pretty little hand to hold while he told her fortune in the pink palm.

The subject of *bric-a-brac* having come up, Mr. Weir produced a curiously carved little silver whistle from his pocket, which he said had once saved his life in India. It had a peculiar shrill note, very penetrating and striking, for so small an article, and, used as a signal of distress, it had brought help when he was overpowered by the enemy. He seemed pleased with Mab's warm admiration of the whistle, and, as she was returning it, he said simply—

"I should be so pleased if you would accept the little toy as a keepsake. I shall only lose it if it continues to jingle about with my keys and small change; and perhaps it would serve as a charm to ward off danger from you on some occasion. Its duty to me is done."

Mab hesitated; but, seeing the disappointed look on Mr. Weir's face, she took the little trinket, with a smile of thanks, and fastened it to one of her bracelets. I thought it a bold, forward thing to do; but I knew that my opinion or displeasure would make but little difference to my younger sister.

It was growing late as we drew near the little station of Gimino, where we should have to change carriages for San Vito. Our companion's destination was a town farther along the Gimino line; so we should soon be obliged to separate. I was secretly pleased; but to Mr. Weir and Mab the time was slipping away altogether too quickly. Arrived at Gimino, we made the very unpleasant discovery that the San Vito train had gone on without us, and that there would be no other till five o'clock in the morning.

"What will you do?" asked Mr. Weir. "I have ten minutes to spare before my train goes; if I could be of any service to you in engaging a room at the hotel, or in any other way, I should be most happy."

"I think it would be better not to go to the hotel," said Mab; "we should never wake up for the early train, and we have not the time to wait for the next one."

"Yes," I answered, "we could get some refreshment here, and stay in the waiting-room till our train comes. It is eleven o'clock now, and the time is not so very long. We can take a comfortable nap in the waiting-room."

Something in Mr. Weir's manner betrayed that he did not quite approve of our plan; but he was too polite to say anything against it. He called a waiter to attend to our wants, and, in answer to the second sharp call from the locomotive, took his leave, lingering long over the hand-shake with Mab, and disappeared in the darkness.

"I wish he hadn't gone. I feel lonely in this strange place," said Mab, with a little shiver.

"Nonsense, child! It would have been obtrusive and indelicate if he had remained. You forget that we are only friends of a day. Why should he alter his plans for us?"

I spoke boldly; but I was too very ill at ease. The little coffee-room was gradually filling with rough-looking men, who watched us—the only women in the place—furtively and curiously, speaking a language which we but little understood. The hotel was a mile distant, and we could not take refuge in it at that hour of the night, even if we had known the way.

"Mab, how foolish of you to wear your diamond ring on a journey of this kind—it attracts attention!" I said, in an undertone as the light caught the brilliant on her finger when she raised her coffee-cup.

I happened to glance out of the window at that instant, and, to my horror, saw a man with evil black eyes and grizzled hair staring intently at Mab and me with a wicked look about him which I could not forget. As I caught his eyes, he slunk away in the darkness, and presently the railway-porter came to escort us to the waiting-room.

"It is against the rules of the road to allow the waiting room to be occupied at night," he began; "but, if you will be content without a light, and with both doors locked on the outside, I have no objections to your waiting there for your train."

This was appalling—to be locked up for five hours in a shabby little Italian waiting-room, in total darkness. By feeling the man we prevailed upon him to allow us to bolt the outer door on the inside, so that we should feel a little less like prisoners.

"The guard walks up and down the platform till daylight, so you can feel quite safe," said the porter consolingly, as he wished us good night and shut the door of the dark little den upon us.

I fortunately bethought me of some wax-matches in the valise, and, lighting one for a moment, we took in the situation—a mean little room, with a door on two sides, hard benches round the walls, and a long table. Surely not an inviting apartment for repose! We made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, and tried to forget our position in sleep; but I became preternaturally wakeful. Here we were, two unprotected women, dropped down at this little wayside station for all the long night-hours, suspicious characters were lurking about, and we might be robbed and murdered without our friends ever knowing of our fate! In the midst of my cheerful reflections it consoled me a little to see the guard pass by slowly outside at intervals, with his lantern gleaming on the red band of his cap.

Suddenly, my ears sharpened by the silence, I heard a stealthy step approach the inner door of our prison, and the quiet grating of a key in the lock was distinctly audible. My heart seemed to stop beating with fright; and then, to my unspeakable horror, the door softly opened, and the evil-looking man with the grizzled hair, whom I had seen through the window of the coffee-room, crept in with a dim lantern in his hand.

"Listen!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, fixing me with his wicked eyes. "If you are quiet, I will do you no harm; but, if you scream or make the least disturbance, I know how to silence you. I want the ring your friend's pretty finger wears, and whatever money and other valuables you have about you. Make no resistance as you value your life."

I suppose I grew very white and frightened for Mabel said, in a surprisingly firm voice—

"Don't fancy, Effie, but give the man the valise to search, our lives are worth more than the trumpery it contains."

The robber set his lantern on the table and began undoing the straps of our valise, placing it on the floor, before the door at which he had entered. Where was the guard outside that his light did not shine through our window? He might have rescued us; but he did not come.

"Effie," said Mab, in a whisper to me she need not have whispered, for the robber could not understand our language—"I am not going to give up my ring without a struggle. The man evidently thinks the other door locked on the outside and safe against our opening it; otherwise he would not let us stand so close to it. I have my hand on the bolt now; there—I have slipped it! I am going to dash the robber's lantern from the table with this bunch of skewers. In the darkness we can rush out upon the platform and call the guard. Don't lose your head or try to detain me, for I am quite resolved. Be ready to fly when I give the signal."

Before I could recover from my astonishment at this bold plan, there was a crash of glass upon the floor, darkness, a volley of Italian oaths, and my sister and I were tearing madly down the deserted platform.

"Guard, guard!" we shrieked, with all the energy of despair but from some inexplicable cause he could not or would not hear us, though we saw his form quite plainly in the distance.

Steps were heard in pursuit of us, and the angry curses of the burglar reached our terror-stricken ears, when an inspiration seized Mabel. She put her little silver whistle to her lips and blew till its peculiar note rang out like a clarion on the still air.

The sound of hasty footsteps approaching from another direction became audible; but whether they were for good or ill we could not tell. Mab had lost her courage, and was leaning on me, half fainting, when a voice calling in English, "Hallo! What is the matter? What are you rascals doing?" seemed to put new life into her.

Two men ran towards us, one of whom, to our amazement and delight, we recognized as Sidney Weir, our travelling companion.

We clung to him, and hovered over him with tears, hysterical laughter, and incoherent thanks, and did not notice that during our explanations both robber and guard disappeared. Mr. Weir said that he had felt uneasy at leaving us alone in the little station, and, finding another belated traveller, they had whiled away the night smoking and walking up and down upon the road near at hand. He had not told us of his change of plans, thinking it might annoy us. When he saw the rough lot of men who collected about the coffee-room, he was very glad he had waited, for he thought we might be subjected to annoyance, if nothing worse. The sound of Mabel's whistle had reached his ears as a signal of distress, and he would never feel sufficiently thankful that he had given her the little toy.

"What I fail to understand is this rascally guard deserting his post so shamefully," said our rescuer, ringing a huge bell which hung near.

Presently an astonished group of waiters and porters gathered round us with lights, and began asking a thousand questions. One of the newcomers stumbled over something lying in a dark corner.

"What is this?" he cried. "Moser the guard in a drunken sleep! He will lose his place for this, and deserves it too!"

It was afterwards discovered that Anton Moser, the real guard, had been drugged by two ruffians, one of whom had stolen his lantern and cap, while the other made his daring attempt upon Mabel and me.

We had lost all interest in the *fete* at San Vito, and, like frightened disobedient children, our only wish was to return home. If the little hotel we had left could be called home. Sidney Weir accompanied us; and, when Uncle Wallace returned, he found a suitor for Mabel's hand awaiting his approval. The approval was not withheld as Mab's face betrayed that her heart had found its idol.

MAKING MILLIONS.

"WE did hope for more, Mr. Astor. Your son, Mr. William, gave us a hundred dollars."

"Ah!" replied the old man, drily, "William has a rich father. Mine was very poor."

Such was the quaintly satirical answer given by the wealthy John Jacob Astor to a delicate remonstrance about his not giving more than fifty dollars to a charity.

The life of Astor is broadly typical of the American money-makers of a past generation; men who made their wealth by the sweat of their brows, the acuteness of their understandings, and the strength of their unswerving self-reliance. This was long before the development of the Stock Exchange, and the working of the vast silver wealth of the Far West had given rise to the mushroom-like fortunes of to-day.

John Jacob Astor was a native of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, in Germany. In 1783, when he was twenty years of age, he set out for America.

With but two dollars in his pocket, and all his effects packed in a small bundle slung over his shoulder on a stick, he trudged on foot out of his native village. In after years he used to relate that he sat down to rest beneath a tree at some distance from his starting-point, and there made three resolutions: to be *honest*, to be *industrious*, and *not to gamble*.

Reaching the banks of the Rhine, he took a place as an oarsman on a timber raft, and with the trifling sum thus earned he paid his way to London.

There he took a situation, and worked with extraordinary diligence day and night, while, in addition to his regular employment, he was making himself tolerably acquainted with the English tongue.

When at last determined to sail for America, he was the possessor of a meagre stock of clothes and fifteen guineas in English money. His passage cost him five guineas, he kept in the cave in his pocket, and entrusted the remainder of his money in seven German flutes to trade with in the New World.

The situation which Astor procured on his arrival in New York was that of an assistant to a furrier.

From the outset so minute was his attention to the details of his craft or trade that he soon came reputed as the best judge of furs in America.

On commencing business for himself, Astor's prosperity was marvellous. At first his business was necessarily local in its character, but, once in working order, it extended with the utmost rapidity.

He conducted an exceedingly profitable fur trade with the Indians, in the course of which his dealings led him to the Columbia River, where, in 1811, he founded Astoria, an event which has been celebrated in the writings of Washington Irving.

The furs which were obtained in the distant west were shipped to England and to China. From these places valuable cargoes were brought in exchange to be sold at enormous profits in New York.

As an instance of the varied character of his dealings, it should be mentioned that Astor was the first merchant in New York who kept a stock of musical instruments, a trade in which Germans seem to be the leaders in every part of the world.

By keeping himself thoroughly acquainted with the commerce of foreign markets, Astor never suffered any losses except when his orders had been disobeyed and it has been said that the profits of single voyages sometimes reached as high a sum as seventy thousand dollars.

In the fur trade and the tea trade of Canton it was calculated that Astor accumulated about two hundred thousand dollars; but the bulk of his immense wealth was gained by judicious investments in property, and after his great undertaking, Astoria, which, until recent times, was the largest and the most magnificent hotel in the United States.

During the whole of his life this wonderful man was sometimes liberal in his dealings, but always shrewd.

He bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to the poor of his native village, and four hundred thousand dollars for the foundation of the Astor Library of New York. At his death, which took place in 1848, Astor's estimated wealth was twenty millions of dollars.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

THE Government at its different stations uses various descriptions of sound signals for the guidance of mariners during fogs, storms and heavy weather. To obviate the mystery, the suspense and the frightful calamities created by the sea, scientific men have lent their energies and their knowledge gathered from all the sources of observation and personal experience. Every practical device and skill of mechanism has been experimented with, tried, adopted, and put to use for the benefit of the seafaring world.

Sound signals by means of gongs are somewhat used on lightships, especially in British waters, but are intended for use in close quarters, narrow harbors and short channels. Their effective range is barely 550 yards. The use of guns is going out of date, though there are instances on record where they have been serviceable. They have been abandoned on account of the length of intervals between successive explosions, the brief duration of the sound, its liability to be quenched by local sounds, its easy obliteration by a sudden puff of wind, and other objectionable reasons. The gun-cotton rocket has been found quite serviceable in rock lighthouses. A charge of gun-cotton is inclosed in the head of a rocket, which is projected to the height of 1,000 feet, when the cotton is exploded and the sound sped in all directions. Some of these rockets have been heard at a distance of twenty-five miles.

Every United States light station has in use a bell signal. Many of these signals are clock-work run by machinery. The bells weigh all the way from three hundred to three thousand pounds. They are in use all along the coast of the United States. The distances at which the tolling of the bell can be heard vary according to circumstances and atmospheric conditions, are uncertain, and, like the gong, are reliable only at short distances. The whistling buoys, consisting of an iron pear-shaped bulb, twelve feet across at its widest part and floating twelve feet out of water, and emitting a mournful sound that can be heard for fifteen miles, is now coming in extensive use in America, French, German and English waters. The machinery in the bulb is so arranged that the motion of the buoy rising and falling with the waves produces a sound that pierces the heaviest atmosphere, penetrates the thickest fog, traveling mile upon mile, continuous, distinct, warning mariners of their proximity to land and dangerous coasts.

The bell boat, a clumsy contrivance, has been superseded by the bell buoys. The bell is mounted on the bottom section of an iron buoy, which is decked over and fitted with a framework to which a three-hundred-pound bell is rightly attached. A radial, grooved iron plate is made fast to the frame under the bell and close to it, on which is laid a free common bell. The restlessness of the sea causes the buoy, the bell rolling on the plate, striking some side of the bell at each motion with such force as to cause it to toll. The contrivance is best adapted to shoal water, harbors and rivers, where short-range sound is needed and smoother water obtained.

The trumpet consists of a huge trumpet, with a large throat and a flaring mouth. Inside there are a reciprocating ray by and a steel tongue. Air is condensed in a reservoir and driven through the trumpet by hot air or steam machinery, and is capable of making a shriek that can be heard at great distances, extending over the water as far as ten miles.

The trumpet, however, is subject to frequent stoppages during foggy weather, and requires many repairs which render it uncertain and of more danger than aid to navigation. The siren consists of a huge trumpet with a wide mouth and a narrow throat, and is sounded by driving compressed air or steam through a disk placed in the throat. In the disk are twelve radial slits, back of the fixed disk is a revolving plate containing an equal number of openings. The plate is rotated 2 hundred times a minute, and each revolution causes the escape and interruption of twelve jets of air or steam through the openings in the disk and resting table. The siren is operated under a pressure of twenty-two pounds of steam and can be heard as far from twenty to thirty miles.

LITTLE JAPS.—Japanese children are taught to observe [illegible] In honor of their gods, [illegible] festival morning the little [illegible] go very early to the barbers to have their heads shaved, then they will paint and powder their faces and start away for a Shinto temple. When they cannot get into the temple they ring the bell outside to call the god's attention to what they have to say, drop some money into a box and ask the god to bless them. Coming along they have probably brought two nice cakes, bought on the way, which they give to a boy belonging to temple, in exchange for which he gives them one that has been blessed.

To be beautiful we must cherish every kind impulse and generous disposition, making love the ruling affection of the heart.

Our Young Folks.

JEMMY AND I.

BY PIPKIN.

JEMMY was five, I seven—two quaint little people we must have looked, as we trotted through the lengthening shadows from the old Manor Farmhouse, where we had been sojourning with our grandmother and Uncle John, all the summer-time. Now August was fast glowing itself away towards September, and all was rich, ripe grain, happy toiling and mirth, in the far-stretching fields. Out from the old flower-wreathed porch we both of us trudged and away on an expedition of our own.

"We mustn't be idle—the bees are not idle, are they?" piped Jemmy, turning to watch the bees working in the flower-beds. And I responded—

"No, nor are we idle if we try to be busy."

"And seeing other folk work is like working ourselves, isn't it?" reasoned Jemmy.

"And picking flowers for grandmamma is real work," was my complacent rejoinder, pressing the wooden basket I carried closer to my side, and thinking myself a very industrious little woman.

Away on the downs, all beautiful colors were chasing each other among the sunbeams, and the trees waved overhead, as if they liked to fan all the busy toilers on the earth. And by the old beech-tree, at the cross-roads, we met Uncle John.

"Well," was his greeting, "where do you two midges think you're off to?"

"I'm going to look after the harvest folk," quoth Jemmy, with a swagger.

"And I'm going to gather flowers for grandmamma—and we're not midges, uncle," said I, with a girl's protest.

"Ah! what are you, then, little fluffy hair?" was his smiling reply, putting back my yellow curls from my forehead with his finger.

"Two busy people that don't like to be idle."

"Ah! well, go on, you make-believes; mind and be home by sundown, and don't lose yourselves." Thus he admonished us; then he went his way, and we ours.

"Sundown is a long time, isn't it, Nell?" remarked Jemmy; "and we're not such sillies as to lose ourselves."

"No; uncle doesn't know how wise we are," I answered; and then we travelled on all through the rich, ripe harvest-glory of cornfields.

But the harvest folks seemed very far off; the silent fields lay basking in the sunshine, with the lengthening shadows stretching athwart them, some with the golden grain cut and ready for carting, some still standing awaiting the sickle. But no happy toilers were to be seen. Yes, we alighted upon one, a lad sitting manufacturing a whistle-pipe, and watching some sheep wandering in a field, where the wheat had been reaped and gleaned.

"Where are the harvest folk?" questioned Jemmy, with dignity.

"Harvest folk, young sir? That's a wide question, 'cause them's everywhere," replied the lad, with a grin.

"I don't see them," was the reply.

"I'm a harvest folk, and so is them—them's havin' their harvest," saying which the boy jerked his thumb in the direction of the sheep.

"They're not folk, they are sheep," dissented Jemmy, with scorn.

"Well, follow your noses, youngsters; and you'll find some harvest folk, if ye go far enough."

"He's a great rude boy, Nell, come away," quoth Jemmy to me, taking my hand, and boy-like leading me on. And as we went we met a mite of a boy of about Jemmy's age, with a small bundle of corn on his shoulder, like a miniature man.

"Are you come from the harvest people?" asked Jemmy.

"Yes," was the child's reply.

"And where are they?"

"I don't know; ever so far away. I'm carrying home mother's corn." With that the little man trudged on his way, and we went flitting here and there, I plucking cornflowers, and Jemmy looking for fat toads and shrews. And all the while our shadows standing by our sides warned us of what would befall us ere long.

"I think," said I, presently, "that I'll sit down here by those leaves awhile;" but ere we had beat our tired little limbs, out flew a beautiful bird from their midst, all blue and gold, and many other tints intermingling to our imaginative eyes, viewing it in the sunlight.

"Oh, Nell, what a beauty!" cried Jemmy, and hand in hand we drew to admire it, as it poised itself in mid air over our heads. To our childish fancy it was a stranger bird, a wanderer from some foreign clime.

"Oh, if I could sketch it!" I sighed.

"Oh, if I could catch it!" cried more matter-of-fact Jemmy; and then, as the bird flew away, we followed it as if we were charmed, spell-bound.

Away and away, across the fields, up the steep hill-side, our backs to the sun, our faces—ah, me! that pretty bird led us far astray; and now we were in the copse, on the sloping hill-side. Thus our bird had wiled us on; we heard it sing to us, as in merry laughter, as we wandered here and there seeking it in shady nooks, but we never found it, nor caught a glimpse of it we saw it wing its way thither, and that was all. When we emerged upon the open downs again, the sun had set, the country below looked dim and gloomy, as something were lost, dead, and over the wild waste of downs, shadows were creeping and crawling. And oh, how our little legs ached! We were fain to sit down and rest awhile.

What was worse, we had turned and twisted, and gone hither and thither, till we did not know in what direction lay our home. We rose and turned to right and left, east, west, north, and south, but these dark, deepening shadows seemed to be creeping after us, and monsters came crawling and stealing up the hill-side, and went we knew not whither. Then a mist gathered over, not deep and blinding, but just enough to make everything look unreal and terrible to us small, lonely creatures.

"Oh, Jemmy, what is that?" cried I as a great, dark something loomed near us.

"Oh, I don t know," said he, in a frightened whisper; but he threw his arm about me, his boy-nature strong within him.

Then the wind swept cold and bleak, bringing with it a low growl—at least so it sounded to our poor frightened senses, and we fairly clung to each other.

"That's wolves!" moaned Jemmy, while that great threatening something at our side seemed to fade away, others stealing up and taking its place.

"Wolves don't live in England," said I.

"They did when little William was a boy," returned Jemmy, and I, as I remembered the tragic story of the little woodman and his dog Cæsar, felt that we too, for aught we knew, were to pass through a time of terror, as he did.

In an instant the incidents of that story rose before me like living pictures. The death of little William's father, his cruel brothers banding together, and taking him three days' journey into the forest, just to be free of him, to let him die of hunger or what not, shutting up his only friend, his trusty dog Cæsar, at home. Their stealing away on the third night while he slept, his awakening, his long, weary waiting for their return during the day, his terror at nightfall. Then I saw him praying, as the weird sounds of the woods made his little heart quake. Then followed the unmistakable howl of the wolves, his flight hither and thither, his climbing a tree to be safe from the hideous animals, and seeing a light while there.

Next, I saw him rushing toward it, a wolf on his track, the glare of fiery eyes behind him, the pat of feet, the panting breath; the river which barred his progress, and stayed his flying, stumbling, uncertain feet; the leaping of the animal on his back, which proved to be his dear little dog Cæsar, broke loose from home, and come to find him; Cæsar's fight with a wolf which followed, and, oh, joy! his coming upon his grandmother's cottage, to home and safety. Tears rushed to my eyes as it all rose before me.

"Let us hide away in the copse," said I, for I fancied that a growling, wailing sound came sweeping up to us from over the downs.

"I think if we could get out on the other side, that would be our way home," said I to my wee brother, as we groped and threaded our way.

But the other side of the copse was like this side, a tangle, a mystery; we were like two birds caught in a net. We sat down and cried bitterly.

And now there was a stirring among the bushes, and that howling, moaning, fearful sound seemed now upon us, now afar, till it lost itself in space. Crash, crash, crash, came something through the brambles and bushes, and, as by instinct, we leaped to our feet and ran. None but a child knows a child's terror; so weak, so puny so unaccustomed to rely on itself for protection, for a means to escape from danger and peril. Hand in hand, we rushed forward like the wandering babes in the wood; now we fell, tripped up by a root of a tree; now that moan swept over us, that terrible moan more like a roar, and we were on our feet, scudding on as before.

On, on, still on—glancing over my shoulder, what did I espy but two fiery eyes gleaming through the darkness, as did poor hapless William, and the rush of some eager animal bent on prey, which would not be driven back, came distinct and clear. I did not tell Jemmy what my startled eyes beheld, but hurried him on, on—whither?

Now came the pant, pant of the creature's breath, and now—as in the story of little William—there stretched before us a stream of water. What could we do?

I glanced behind me as we halted by the river in front, into which we had well-nigh rushed.

Ah! those burning eyes were upon us, so to speak, the creature's breath fanned my cheek. Now his paws were on my shoulder to tear me down. I shrieked to some unknown hand to save me, and Jemmy beat bout him with a stick he caught up in desperation. But the beast did not bite me, only whined out his joy, and licked my face. It was Ben, Uncle John's old dog Ben; and oh, joy! there was Uncle John himself bearing down upon us, like some giant in the gloom.

"Well, you youngsters, what have you to say for yourselves to Ben and me?" so he questioned, as we clung tightly to him, each holding a hand.

"Uncle," said I, after I had kissed the dear old dog, and Jemmy had caressed him, "uncle, did you hear anything growling all about? We did, and thought 'twas wolves, same as little William heard."

"No, Nell, I heard no sound of wolves—how could I when there were no wolves to hear? That was the wind you heard, little one," was the reply.

"And we saw great monsters that crawled, and crept, and frightened us over so much, I told him, with a quaver in my voice.

"And we met monsters wrestling and curling, which your frightened little hearts made monsters of. But come, you've not answered my question—what have you to say to Mr. Ben and me for leading us this long dance?"

"It was a bird's fault, uncle," said I, true to my sex in making my excuse, "a dear, lovely bird, which flew away in here, and we followed it, and so—and so we forgot and were lost."

"Ah! children," said Uncle John, as he led us home, one on either side of him, I wearing uncle's pocket-handkerchief on my head, knotted into something like a turban, Ben trotting on before—"Ah, children, little feet shouldn't wander far from home; little heads shouldn't think themselves over-wise; and little things like pretty birds shouldn't make small people forget their uncle's command to be home before sundown. Now, if you will only just get home by moondown, 'twill do very well."

THE QUARREL.

TOLD BY A DOLL.

I WAS very pleased indeed, when I first came into the world, to find that I was to become the property of a King and Queen. I had seen a great deal of life through my shop-window, and had come to the conclusion that I was formed for high society. So, therefore, when my new mistress said to me, "Dolly, I am the Queen to-day, and Bertie is the King," I was not at all surprised, but held myself as firmly as before.

The King and Queen sat down together on their throne, and were as happy as happy could be. The little Queen's feet dangled a good way off the ground, but she did not mind that in the least. She put one chubby arm around her brother to keep her quite firm, and the other arm around me.

When a nice little fat, dimpled arm holds me tightly against a loving heart, I feel very pleased and happy. If I were a pussy-cat I should purr, for I feel that I am in my right place.

"Now I am King and you are Queen," said the little boy; "and everybody that comes in must bow to us."

"Dolly shall be the princess," said the little girl, in a voice like that of a cooing dove.

"Her name must be Sophonisba," said the little boy gravely. "That sounds something like a princess."

"Topsulthba," repeated the little girl, very much pleased; and then she pressed me close to her heart.

Suddenly a cloud passed over the face of the little boy. He looked at me hard for a minute, and then he spoke.

"No, that won't do at all," he said; "I am an old French King, and we're under the old Salic law. She mustn't be a Princess, or she'll never come to the throne. We must pretend she is a Prince, and we'll call her Jack."

You should have seen the little girl's face at this. All the dimples went out of it, and she looked quite frightened.

"Oh, don't call her Jack, dear," she cried; "it's so ugly. And I'd rather she was a Princess."

"Then she will never come to the throne," said the boy solemnly. "I read it lately in my history."

Here the little girl looked much inclined to cry.

"Oh, don't say she won't come to the throne!" she cried piteously. "I like my Princess Sophonisba so much."

"She'll never come to the throne," said the King laying down the law with his fore-finger; "a Princess is no good at all. She's a stupid."

"Well, she shan't be called Jack," said the Queen, plucking up a little spirit.

"Then I shan't play," said the little King, at once jumping down off the chair.

All their play was spoilt. The throne was deserted, the sceptre laid down. They did not care to be King or Queen by themselves.

"I shall go down to mamma, then," said the Queen, and she put me down on a chair, and went off.

For some time Bertie stood in the corner, looking very cross. Then he looked round, and began wondering when May would come back. Next he commenced to cry.

"Naughty girl! naughty girl! I don't want her to come back!" and he took a piece of string out of his pocket, and kept slashing it against his sleeve as he spoke.

Suddenly, in the midst of his temper, he caught sight of me.

"Nasty doll!" he cried, "we should never have quarrelled if it hadn't been for you! You *shall* be a boy," he added, stormily, "for I'll cut all your hair off!"

A shudder went through me. Unfortunately the nursery scissors were lying on the table—he took them up, and in a minute it was done. Crip, crip, went the scissors, as if they were pleased, and nearly the whole of my flaxen curls lay scattered on the floor. How I looked I don't know, but I think Bertie was a little frightened when he saw what he had done. I don't think he was anxious for his sister to see me, so he jumped up on the fender and put me on top of the mantle-piece.

The nursery-door opened, and the little girl came back. In a minute she ran up to the chair where she had left me, and then looked at her brother.

"Where's dolly?" she cried, and she looked anxiously round.

"I shan't tell you," said Bertie, beginning to look frightened.

"Oh, dolly, dolly; where is my dolly?" cried the little girl, and how I longed for a voice that could answer her. I could hear her going all round the room, pulling open drawers and cupboards, and hunting for me but I never said a word.

Suddenly I heard a cry. She had come to the hearth-rug, where lay the scissors, and nearly all my beautiful flaxen curls on the floor.

"Oh, my dear dolly! my dear dolly! He's cut off her hair. Oh, you cruel boy!" cried the little Queen, and she sat down and cried as if her heart would break. Then she glanced up, and caught sight of where I lay, placidly reposing on the mantel-piece with my eyes turned up to the ceiling.

In a moment she was upon a chair, and ready to fetch me down, when what with the chair being unsteady, and her eyes being full of tears, the chair slipped beneath her, and down she fell on the floor.

"My dolly, my dolly!" she cried between her tears, and the nurse took me down from the mantelpiece, and gave me to her. How she did cry over me! I felt dreadfully vexed, because tears are fatal to my complexion.

Bertie stood looking on frightened, and came up to look at his sister.

"Go away, you naughty boy," cried nurse; "it's all your doing, and your sister will make herself ill with crying."

When my little Queen heard Bertie being blamed she grew very quiet all at once. She gave her eyes a final wipe with her handkerchief, and she got off nurse's knee, and turned to Bertie. Bertie was crying too, and he had gone quite white with the fright that he got when he saw little May fall down.

"Oh, May, I am so sorry, dear," he said; "will you kiss me, dear, and make it up? Do, please."

No need to ask the little Queen twice; she threw her little arms around Bertie.

"I am so sorry, May," he said; "I didn't know you would have cared so much."

"Never mind, Bertie, dear," said the little Queen gently; and she tried to look cheerful, though I knew she was grieved to the heart. "Perhaps it's almost for the best," she whispered, softly; "for now she can be Prince or Princess, just whichever you like."

So they made it up, and cried and laughed again, as is the way with these inferior mortals. I had remained calm all the time, which is the correct frame of mind in which a doll should take vicissitudes of fortune, but the poor little Queen had cried till she washed nearly all the color off my face.

I lived with the children for a long time after this, but I never saw them quarrel again.

A CHINESE PRISON.—As we entered the jail-yard, fifty or sixty men swarmed out from the dark door-ways which led into their dens, all heavily chained, with long, coarse, matted hair, hanging in wisps, or standing on end round their death-like faces, in filthy rags, with emaciated forms caked with dirt, and bearing marks of the torture; and nearly all with sore eyes, swelled and bleeding lips, skin diseases, and putrefying sores. These surrounded us closely, and as, not without a shudder, I passed through them and one of their dens, they pressed upon us, blocking out the light, uttering discordant noises, and clamoring with one voice, "kum sha"—that is, backsheesh; looking more like demons than living men, as abject and depraved as crime, despair, and cruelty can make them. Within, the blackness, the filth, the vermin, the stench, overpowering even in this cool weather—the rubbish of rags and potsherds, cannot be described.

Here, in semi-starvation and misery, with nameless cruelties practised upon them without restraint, festering in one depraved mass, are the tried and the untried, the condemned, the guilty and innocent(?); the murderer and pirate; the debtor and petty thief, all huddled together; without hope of exit, except to the adjacent judgment-seat, with its horrors of "the question by torture," or to the "field of blood" not far away. On earth there can not be seen a spectacle more hideous than that of these abject wretches, with their heavy fetters eating into the flesh of their necks and ankles (if on their wasted skeletons, covered with scrofula and running sores, there is any flesh left), their thick, matted bristly black hair—contrasting with the shaven heads of the free—the long, broken claws on their fingers and toes, the hungry look in their emaciated faces, and their clamorous cry, kum-sha! kum-sha!

They thronged around us clattering their chains, one man saying that they had so little rice they had to "drink the foul water to fill themselves;' another shriek, "would I were in your prison in Hong-Kong," and this was chorused by many voices saying, "In Hong-Kong they have fish and vegetables, and more rice than they can eat and baths and beds to sleep on. good, good is the prison of your queen!" but higher swelled the cry of kum-sha; and as we could not give alms to several hundreds, we avoided them, though with difficulty: and, as we squeezed through the narrow door, execrations followed us, and high above the heavy clang of the fetters and the general din rose the cry, "Foreign Devils, (Fan-Kwei), as we passed out into sunshine and liberty, and the key was turned upon them and their misery.

A STORY is told of a recently-elected coroner in a Georgia town, who, after growing tired of waiting for a subject, killed his cow, summoned a jury, and proceeded with the inquest with due ceremony.

EVERY traveling man should take with him a bottle of Salvation Oil. Price twenty-five cents.

SALVATION OIL is guaranteed to effect a cure in all rheumatic and neuralgic affections. Price 25 cents.

A VALENTINE.

Your gran'ma, in her youth, was quite
  As lithe a maid as you,
And, though her hair is snowy white,
  Her eyes still have their maiden blue,
And on her cheeks, as fair as thine,
  Methinks a girlish blush would glow
If you recalled the valentine
  She got, ah! many years ago.

A valorous youth loved gran'ma then,
  And wooed her in that auld lang syne;
And first he told his secret when
  He sent the maid that valentine.
No perfumed page or sheet of gold
  Was that first hint of love he sent,
But with the secret gran'pa told—
  "I love you"—gran'ma was content.

Go ask your gran'ma, if you will,
  If—though her head be bowed with gray—
If—though her feeble pulse be chill—
  True love abideth not for aye;
But that quaint portrait on the wall,
  That smiles upon her from above,
Methinks your gran'ma can recall
  The sweet divinity of love.

Dear Elsie, here's no page of gold—
  No sheet embossed with cunning art—
But here's the solemn pledge of old;
  "I love you, with all my heart."
And if in what I send you here
  You read not all of love express'd,
Go—go to gran'ma, Elsie dear,
  And she will tell you all the rest!

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THE singular phenomenon exhibited by this well-known exotic has long been the admiration of the curious, a puzzle to the botanist, and a standing marvel in the vegetable kingdom. The plant has the property of contracting certain parts of its structure when touched, and is not only sensible to the application of force, but appears to be influenced by the surrounding elements. Sudden degrees of heat or cold, steam from boiling water, sulphur-fumes, the odor of volatile liquids—in fact, anything that affects the nerves of animals, appears also to affect the sensitive plant. It is in the highest degree a nervous subject, and, like that species of the genus homo, is in this country a thorough hothouse habitant.

The subject of our present consideration was originally introduced from Brazil, and, along with other plants possessing the same faculty in different degrees, is common to other parts of South America. The stem of the plant is cylindrical, and of a green or purplish color, with two spines at the base of each leaf, besides a few others scattered about the branches. The leaves are pinnatifid, or divided into pairs, supported on long footstalks, and each pinnule is furnished with fifteen or twenty pairs of oblong, narrow and shining leaflets. From the base of the leaf stalks proceed the pedunicles or flower-stalks, each of which supports a bunch of very small white or flesh-colored flowers. The seed-vessels are united in packets of twelve or fifteen each, and are edged with minute spines, each husk containing three seeds.

It is difficult to touch a leaf of a healthy mimosa—under which name the sensitive plant is also known—even in the most delicate manner, without causing it to close. The great nerve which passes along the centre of the leaf half serves as a hinge for the sides to close upon, and this they do with great exactness, the two sides exactly opposing each other. If the pressure is made with considerable force the opposite leaf of the same pair will be affected at the same time and moved in the same manner. Upon squeezing the leaf still harder, all the leaflets on the same side close immediately, as if resenting the affront. The effect may be even carried so far that the leaf-stalk will bend to the branch from which it issues, and the whole plant collect itself into a bundle.

As soon as evening approaches, the sensitive plant begins to lower its leaves, till at length they rest upon the stem. With the morning light, they gradually re-open. When the leaves have even faded and turned yellow, the plant still continues this action, and retains its sensibility when agitated by external influences. A fine rain will not disturb the mimosa at all; but should the rain fall heavily, and be accompanied by wind, the plant becomes immediately affected. When irritated and made to close by force, the time necessary for the leaves to recover their usual position varies from ten to twenty minutes, according to the season and the hour of the day.

Though heat and cold contribute greatly towards its alternate motion, yet the plant is more sluggish in its movements and less sensitive in winter than in summer. After a branch has been separated from the shrub, the leaves still retain their sensibility, and will shut on being touched. If the end of a detached branch is kept in water, the leaves will continue to act for some time.

If the sensitive plant be plunged into cold water, the leaves will close, but will afterwards re-open; and, if touched in this state, will again shut themselves, as if in the open air, but not so quickly. This experiment does not seem to injure the plant. If the extremity of a leaf exposed to the rays of the sun is burned with a lens or a match, it closes instantly; and at the same moment, not only the leaflet which is opposite to it follows its example, but all that are upon the same stock. If a drop of sulphuric acid is placed upon a leaf so as to remain stationary, the plant is not immediately affected; but when it begins to spread, the irritation is communicated from one leaflet to another, till all of them on the affected stock is closed. Although a branch of this wonderful plant be cut through three-fourths of its diameter, yet the leaves belonging to it retain the same degree of sensibility, and open and shut with their usual freedom. The vapor of boiling water affects the leaves in the same manner as if they were burned, and for several hours they appear benumbed—in fact, seldom recovering themselves during the remainder of the day.

These are some of the principal phenomena connected with this very singular plant. No doubt, other experiments have been made; but these will serve to show how much akin is the delicate organization of this plant to that of the animal kingdom.

Many conjectures have been formed, and many theories raised, to account satisfactorily for the working of this exquisite machine; but the mainspring is still hidden, and has, as far as we know, eluded the search of the naturalist. We can only contemplate the plant as one of those natural wonders which add to our admiration of Mother Nature and her products.

Grains of Gold.

People flatter us, because they can depend on our credulity.

Past years and past pleasures are like water poured through a sieve.

It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day because we fear we may to-morrow.

An open mind, an open hand, and an open heart will find everywhere an open door.

Men, like books, at the beginning and end have blank leaves—infancy and gray-haired old age.

The mind has more room in it than one would imagine, if you would furnish the apartments.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor will feel a pleasure in the reverse.

Good things may be used for evil purposes; the kiss of Judas was a sign for the betrayal of his master.

To rise early only requires quickness of decision; it is one of those subjects which admit of no turning over.

Friendship is a sturdy plant, a sweet herb and savory; but when it touches the purse-strings, somehow it shrivels.

These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist to-day.

Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near.

If we wish our children to revere high things—things simple, and pure, and lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example.

It is one of the ill signs of our times that so many seem to prefer eloquence to truth, and preaching which entertains and soothes to that which profits.

The beauty of the face is a frail possession, a short-lived flower, only attached to the mere epidermis, but that of the mind is innate and unchangeable.

The worst things are the perversion of good things. Abused intellectual gifts make the dangerous villain; abused sensibilities make the accomplished tempter; abused affections engender the keenest of all misery.

It is not the amount of knowledge stored up in the memory that will determine its value to life, but the way in which it has been gained, the way in which it is held, the effect it has produced, and is producing, upon the thoughts and actions.

When we deplore the absence of some single excellence in another that we pride ourselves upon possessing, it is well to look at the opposite side and see if there is not present another class of virtues in which we are probably lamentably deficient.

We are told to place no faith in appearances, yet it will be found a wise course to judge from the human countenance rather than the human voice; most men place a guard over their words and their actions, but very few can blind the expression that is conveyed by the features.

Femininities.

Paris has a woman's rights association.

Female commercial travelers are increasing in number in England.

Six strong cigars a day are smoked by a Mount Holly, N. J., woman.

The fox terrier is said to be rapidly displacing the pug as a lady's pet.

Two women in Buffalo have gone crazy over the story told them by a fortune teller.

The heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love, it has ceased to live.

The Kansas House of Representatives has four girls among its pages, and its docket clerk is a woman.

A young lady acts as sexton of a Lawrenceville, Ga., church, and is said to be the only one of that sex in the State.

Persons who perspire freely should put a little ammonia in their toilet water. It is pleasant and dries the skin effectively.

A St. Louis man took his girl to the theatre, and got seats right next to his wife, who was there with another fellow.

Using a rubber comb is detrimental to the hair. Persons with a great deal of electricity in the hair should use a bone comb.

There is one good thing about piano-playing for young ladies. It develops lots of muscle that will come handy for spanking.

A Kansas paper, in a review of the last year, remarked that it was notable for the number of weddings and other casualties.

A new magazine is called "The Woman's Age." We have searched its pages diligently, but can't find out how old she really was.

A woman is supposed to have blown up the Tower of London, and several hundred thousand married Britons have a suspicion as to her identity.

"I do love dress!" exclaimed a young society belle. "Then I should think you would wear more of it," retorted the cynical bachelor friend of middle age.

They charge a quarter to witness a marriage ceremony at Larned, Kan. Nearly $25 was taken at the door at a recent marriage at that place, for the benefit of the groom.

"There is no place like home," says the poet. Right! unless it's the home of the young woman you're after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will note it.

An old maid of this city is the possessor of a monkey which chews tobacco, and a parrot which swears. Between them she is reported as saying she does not miss a husband much.

A circle of rubies forms the newest engagement ring. The rubies represent the wealth of a man before marriage. The circle represents the amount of money he has left afterwards.

The following toast was pronounced at a firemen's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

The rumor that one of the lady teachers in the public schools of Birmingham, Ala., was about to marry, caused the principal to receive fifty applications from other ladies in the city for the vacancy.

"If you want to see things humming without a belt slipping," writes somebody, "excite a woman's curiosity, and be slow to gratify it. The way she scratches for 'pay dirt' makes ordinary energy look lazy."

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than a thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

A Cincinnati girl danced from early twilight until 2 o'clock in the morning, and then fell dead at her partner's feet. The young man secured another girl, and went on with the "mazy waltz," without dropping a note or losing a step.

Probably the most unique dramatic criticism was made by a young lady of Columbus, Kan. After seeing an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performance, she concluded that "had the bloodhounds and donkey had better support, the play would have been a good one."

A young gentleman of Adairsville, Ga., made the mistake of proposing to his sweetheart by postal card. The card was read by about twenty persons before it fell into the hands of the person for whom it was intended. A big social sensation is the consequence.

Handkerchiefs, wrought and edged with gold, used to be worn in England by gentlemen in their hats, as favors from young ladies, the value of them being from twopence to a shilling each in the reign of Elizabeth, 1553. Paisley handkerchiefs were first made in 1763.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the marriage state; look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, viz.: to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not, like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear without clouds.

Of the 11,805 marriages in New York in 1884, ten were of colored men to white women, and one of a colored woman to a white man. Two men married for the fifth time, three men and two women for the fourth, 160 men and 41 women for the third, and 1561 widowers and 1210 widows of the first state re-married.

All the managing mammas among the English nobility are arranging to bring out their debutantes simultaneously with the Prince of Wales' two daughters, aged respectively seventeen and sixteen years, who will be launched on the sea of English society the coming season, which begins in July.

It is said that Hester Charles, the blue woman, who died in Worcester county, Md., recently, was closely related to James K. Polk. When a child she had a clear and beautiful complexion, but she was dosed with so much sulphate of copper during an extended illness that she turned to a dark blue color. Her skin never recovered its normal hue.

News Notes.

A Providence, R. I., dog eats hot washed clothes.

Cents do not circulate in New Orleans or Denver.

Iowa has 91,000 horses, or one for every ten persons.

A Springfield, Ont., man has invented a boxing-man.

In Bond street, London, there is a "hospital for dolls."

Corporal punishment has been abolished in the Chicago schools.

A corncob-pipe factory at Washington, Mo., employs fifty men.

Patents issued on applications of electricity already number over 6,000.

In 1825 Fall River had but one Irish resident. Now there are 12,000.

English swells are dropping the prefix "Mr." from their visiting cards.

The colored people are shortly to have a roller-skating rink in New York.

In one week, recently, there were thirty murders in Paris and its suburbs.

The number of letters posted in the world every year is said to be 7,000,000,000.

Nearly $2,000,000 worth of printing ink is used in the United States every year.

In Paris there are 150 tradesmen who deal in nothing but old postage-stamps.

China is the largest consumer of pig iron. It is chiefly used for the manufacture of idols.

Texas wishes to change her name from the "Lone Star" to the "New Empire" State.

The latest industry is the manufacture of artificial ivory from bones and scraps of sheepskin.

A half million dollars is estimated as the sum that Americans annually spend for valentines.

A woman 72 years of age was baptized in a mill pond at North Haverhill, N. H., the other day.

A Bangor, Me., man has an order for one thousand boxes of chewing-gum, from Minneapolis, Minn.

A roasted duck was the weapon with which a Hoboken, N. J., woman recently assaulted her servant.

The potato, introduced into England in 1658, was first eaten as a sweetmeat, stewed in sack-wine and sugar.

Dr. Sam Johnson was a great tea-drinker. He is charged with swallowing from twenty to thirty cups of an evening.

No man over 55 years of age can obtain or hold a position in the employment of the elevated roads of New York.

According to an eminent writer on hygiene, irregular eating at restaurants is becoming a fruitful source of dyspepsia.

The Illinois county of Calhoun, with 5,000 people, has not a mile of railroad track, no bank, and not one telegraph office.

The scientist with nothing else to do has figured out that a grasshopper has proportionately 120 times the kicking power of a man.

London cab-drivers have a mutual protective insurance company that pays $100 a year to disabled drivers. It has 1,100 membership.

Jumbo, a Newfoundland dog on Staten Island, found a man freezing the other night, and summoned assistance at the police department.

Thirty-seven railroads, embracing 11,000 miles, or nearly one-tenth of the mileage of the country, were taken in charge by receivers last year.

The Stockton, Cal., people have become so sympathetic over the tramp question, that when a vagrant is arrested, he is released on his own promise to leave town.

A citizen of Medford, N. J., who claims to be the champion poultry sticker and picker of the State, recently killed 73 fowls, weighing 431 pounds, in a little less than two hours.

The necessity of persons keeping out of draughts, and taking care of their health, is shown by the fact that during a recent week in New York 113 deaths occurred from pneumonia.

A patient in a Nevada insane asylum grasped his windpipe so fiercely, under the impression that a frog was in his throat, recently, that it required some hours to resuscitate him.

In a dry goods fight at Chambersburg, this State, one firm put the price of calico down to 1-4 of a cent a yard, whereupon the rival concern offered a similar article at 1-8 of a cent, or eight yards for one cent.

The most polite man the country has produced has been found hanging from the limb of a tree in a Connecticut town, one of his shoes containing a note begging pardon for trespassing on the land where the body was found.

A colored man was almost blown to pieces the other night at Martinsburg, W. Va., by dynamite torpedoes that had been placed around the hen-house by the farmer who had been suffering from the depredations of chicken thieves.

A rather incredible yarn comes from New London, Conn., to the effect that a five-year-old boy there eats all the woolen and worsted threads he comes across. He plucks even the nap from blankets and the worsted from chair cushions.

A twelve-year-old lad in Brookline, Mass., was killed a few days ago in a somewhat singular manner. He had a string attached to his neck, and, while jumping over a fence, in some unknown way got it caught on the fence and was strangled to death.

A smoking match is proposed as a method of settling the question on which a New York paper has recently published many communications, as to who is the "champion smoker." A Philadelphian is among those desirous of participating in the contest.

AMONG THE GERMANS.

THERE are endless varieties in the social life of different nations, and we Americans may often take a leaf out of our neighbor's book, with great advantage to ourselves. The home life of the Germans is very simple and beautiful. They are not afraid to marry on a small income; $800 a year is considered quite sufficient for a newly-married pair to set up housekeeping on, and they make life very endurable to themselves on what we should consider a most inadequate sum. The more children they have, the better pleased they are. The German woman are cpital housewives—there is no pretension about them; they do not try to appear better off than they really are. As a matter of course, they do housework and cooking, mind their babies themselves, are content with a plain, homely way of living, and look after the minutest details of their households with scrupulous care. Living costs less with them than with us; everything is on a reduced rate. House rent in North Germany, for it is of North Germany that we principally refer to, is very much lower than in England; a small comfortable house can be had in the town of Bremen for $75 a year, and the taxes come to about $25. As a rule, only one servant is kept, and her wages begin at $25 a year, the mistress of the house undertaking all the difficult cookery. During the summer, the kitchen fire is not kept up all day; there is generally a gas stove for making the coffee in the morning, and the fire is only lit for preparing the mid-day meal at one o'clock. As to schools, they are ridiculously cheap; the schooling of a boy of twelve at the very best school in Bremen only comes to a hundred marks a year, $25 in our money—of course, this is a day school; at such prices, who would not be educated? We put a higher price on our learning than that. We will describe the life of a German family in the mercantile class, for one day. Let us say that the family consists of a father, mother, and one child. The servant is up very early in the morning, at five o'clock, and at seven the rest of the family are downstairs, and have a light breakfast of coffee with black bread and small fancy white bread. The black bread is not very palatable to us, but the Germans like it, and say it is very nourishing, and its fibrous qualities supply the place of meat to the working classes. At eleven o'clock, there is a second breakfast, at which all sorts of things are eaten, such as different kinds of raw sausages, cheese, eggs, beer, coffee, etc., etc. At one o'clock, there is dinner the great meal of the day, to which the hausvater always returns. At this meal, soups, vegetables, and salads take a more prominent place than meat. Meat is always as dear in Germany as with us, and not much of it is used. The vegetables are never plainly boiled, they are always dressed with milk, egg, butter, oil or vinegar. Quantities of eggs are used in one small household;as many as four dozen in the week!

After dinner, there is a lull in the eating department, till four o'clock when there is coffee, and bread and butter or cakes At eight o'clock the hausvater returns, and there is the meal answering to our supper. This repast consists of potatoes, salad, raw herrings, lettuce, and pancakes, with tea, coffee or beer. After this there is a stroll in the Park, where the citizens sit under trees and listen to the band. The men smoke, the women knit, and all talk, oh! how volubly,—not forgetting to drink plenty of lager beer, coffee and lemonade. If they like to go to a concert, they can, for the small price of ten cents. The German men seem to be always drinking, but, strange to say, they are never drunk. They swallow any amount of beer, but it produces no visible effect on them. They get a large glass for a cent, so they have every temptation to imbibe their favorite drink. Occasionally, the haustrau entertains her lady friends at what would be with us,afternoon-tea, but, what with the Germans is,"kaffee-klatsch," literally "coffee-clatter." She sends out an invitation to ask her friends to come and take a cup of coffee, or if she wishes them to remain for the whole evening, she asks them to come for a "nachmittag," which means that they are to stay till ten o'clock.

In winter there is a game called "um die lampe" (round the lamp). There must be two packs of cards—one pack is divided among the ladies, and one pack is placed round the lamp, the faces of the cards down. The cards which the players have, are turned up. The first player takes a card from those round the lamp, and perhaps she says, "Whoever has this card, will be engaged (verlobt) first," or, "Whoever has this card will go on a journey." Then the corresponding card is produced by the one who has it, and everyone laughs at this as an excellent joke. There is another game called "Three questions to the wall." (Drei fragen an der Wand.) One goes out of the room, and three questions (which she does not hear), are put to her, and she must answer "Yes," or "no." As the answers sometimes come out rather oddly, great amusement is caused. By the time the games and music are over, the abend-essen, or supper, is laid out in the Wohn-stube (sitting-room), and the gentlemen have returned from their business in town.

The supper is now discussed. Sometimes the gentleman flavor their tea with rum, and the ladies theirs with vanilla. The pleasant talk then comes to an end; and the party separate about ten o'clock. No lady is allowed to walk home by herself, and the fair maidchens do not at all object to being escorted. Some of the North German girls are very pretty, with clear skins, dark eyes, and dimples (gruchen, literally "small holes") others are fair and blue-eyed, but they nearly all have thick figures and large feet. Going to the theatre is a very favorite amusement at Bremen; the prices at the best theatre (the Stadt Theatre) are much more moderate than in this country.

There is a curious custom about engagements. As soon as the daughter of a house is engaged (verbolt), a printed circular is sent round to all her friends, announcing the event. It is considered a terrible breach of faith to give up an engagement, as it has appeared in black and white, and every one of the girl's acquaintances knows all about it. There are sometimes very long engagements. As a rule, the North Germans make excellent wives, and are most affectionate, industrious, and patient, putting up with really hard work, living laborious lives, and devoted to their husbands and children. There is something quaint in the German word for husband, "mein mann," "my man;" it is like the old Scotch, "my ain gudeman," and give the sense of property which every true wife ought to feel.

How Bears Fish.—Very few people know that bears take to water naturally. They roam over the mountains and through the forests, dig open rotten logs for ants and worms, and secure all hornets' nests they can, and tear them to pieces and eat the young grubs, pick berries of all descriptions and eat them, and would seem to belong to the dry-land animals.

The fact is different. They love the water, not, perhaps as well as the moose and deer, but better than most dry-land animals.

They are very fond of fish, and are expert fishermen, and show more cunning and instinct, if not reason, than many city chaps I have seen about the lakes.

I came suddenly, writes a Maine correspondent, upon a very large bear in a thick swamp, lying upon a large hollow log across a brook, fishing, and he was so much interested in his sport that he did not notice me until I had approached very near to him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and played his fish. He fished in this wise: There was a large hole through the log on which he lay, and he thrust his forearm through the hole and held his open paw in the water and waited for the fish to gather round and into it, and when full he clutched his fist and brought up a handful of fish and sat and ate them with great gusto; then down with the paw again, and so on.

The brook was fairly alive with little trout and red-sided suckers and some black suckers, so the old fellow let himself out on fishes. He did not eat their heads. There was quite a pile of them on the log. I suppose the oil on his paw attracted the fish and baited them even better than a fly-hook, and his toe-nails were his hooks, and sharp ones too, and once grabbed, the fish are sure to stay.

They also catch frogs in these forest brooks, and drink of the pure water in hot summer days, and love to lie and wallow in the muddy swamps, as well as our pigs in the mire.

They often cross narrow places in lakes by swimming, and also rivers, and seem to love to take a turn in the water. I once saw one swimming from the mainland to a big island in Moose Lake with just a streak of his back out of the water, looking like a log moving along. Sometimes you see only their heads out of the water; at other times half of their bodies are to be seen. We account for this difference by their condition. If fat, the grease helps to buoy them up; if lean, they sink lower in the water.

Stockings.—Two centuries ago not one person in a thousand, probably wore stockings, and now scarcely one person in a thousand is without them. The honor of inventing the first stocking machine belongs to William Lee, an English clergyman, who made a pair of hose by the frame in the presence of King James I. But such was the prejudice of those times that his invention was frowned upon, and he went to France. Here he met with no better success, and died in Paris, in great poverty, of a broken heart. His machine, however, won its way, and was in general use for two and a half centuries. It is now superseded by a beautiful piece of mechanism called the circular hos'ery machine. One girl attending upon its revolutions can produce material in a single day for 240 pairs of stockings.

All pure, sweet laughter is a sign of happiness, and happy people are much more apt to be virtuous than the unhappy. Be good and you will be happy is hardly a more truthful saying than be happy and you will be good.

Warning Symptoms.

Don't neglect these. If you have symptoms of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, or the indications of any other disease which may keep its hold upon you until it becomes chronic, do not neglect the warning indications. Meet the enemy upon the very threshold, and while your vitality is yet unimpaired. If your regular physician fails to reach the case, then we advise you to try the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia. It will be found an almost certain means of restoration—the way back to health—an agent that may save you a life of invalidism, or from premature death. If you write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, they will send you such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to decide for yourself whether this treatment will benefit you.

A LA-MENT.

Alas, alas! my cake is DO,
My sun of life is set!
But could I keep a single RE,
I might be happy yet.

Chanting an E's no case to MI,
At upper notes to strain;
Doubtful of fa, "so near yet FA,"
I strive for it in vain.

E'en deadheads long have cursed my SOL,
"Too flat!" "you're old!" they cry.
Fools! old Sol stuks by Nature's LA,
So, how is that for high?

Gone are those I used to SI,
A DO RE MI FA and sear,
Naught's left me but to drink—to die,
My SO LA SI's my bier.

—U. N. Nose.

Humorous.

The King of Greece—Oleomargarine.

An exchequer—A retired baggage master.

Acknowled speculator in bonds—A husband.

Until Eve's arrival, Adam was not a gift to the earth. He was a-lone.

Woman first tempted man to eat; but he took to drinking on his own account.

Why are students in chirography to be commended? Because they do write.

Why are there three objections to a glass of spirits? There are three scruples to a dram.

Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it. See it?

Very popular novel (among the office-hunters just at present)—"Put Yourself in His Place."

Four-and-twenty white horses, now they gallop, now they canter, and now they stand still? My teeth.

Wherein are a policeman and a rainbow alike? Both are tokens of peace, and usually appear after a storm.

What is that which lives in winter, and dies in summer, and always grows with its roots upward? An icicle.

What is the difference between a man at the masthead of a ship and the ship itself? The one sails over the seas, and the other sees over the sails.

Obliging a family.—"Malaria?" said the landlady. "Well, no; we haven't got it. Folks hain't asked for it; but we'll get it for your family."

Colored woman—"Boss, kin I git de job ob cleanin' out dis bank?" President—"No. You are too late. The cashier has already attended to that."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," he said, if you all go in it will not hold you."

Eight bullets were recently fired into an Alabama desperado, but the only effect it had was to increase his weight, and make him all the more difficult to lick in consequence.

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

→THE MILD POWER CURES.←

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. Simple, Safe and Sure.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c. 144 pages; also Catalogue, free. — Address, HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Sure Cure for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the Sufferer. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of Radway's Sarsaparillian. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. Quick, Pleasant, Safe and Permanent in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by Radway's Pills, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.**
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE GORILLA.

THE gorilla's home is in the densest and loneliest parts of western Africa, in the deep valleys, on the rugged heights or on plateaux covered with massive rocks. Although it is such a powerful animal and has large and strong teeth, it lives entirely on vegetables, fruit, seeds, nuts, and banana-leaves; it wanders about in search of these things, keeping always near a running stream.

The gorilla does not spend all of its time in the trees, but rests and sleeps on the ground against a log or tree. The young ones sleep in the trees for safety, and go about in groups of six or eight; their sense of hearing is so acute that it is very difficult for a hunter to get within gunshot. The sound of a gun irritates a gorilla to such a degree that unless it is killed it attacks the hunter with such violence that both himself and his weapon are in the greatest danger. The gorilla uses its arms, feet and teeth for protection, and a single blow from its foot, which is armed with short, curved nails, is enough to fracture a man's skull.

When a gorilla is attacked it utters a short, jerking, and sharp bark, like an angry dog; this is succeeded by a low growling, resembling distant thunder. The echo of these roars is so deep, and the growling so strange and threatening that the bravest hunters become awed. A well-directed ball, however, will at once kill one of these animals, and it dies as easily as a man.

The female gorilla is very fond of its young, and at the approach of danger will not stop to attack the hunter, but at once runs away with the young gorillas clinging around her neck. Europeans have not the heart to kill so affectionate a mother, but the negroes do not have this scruple.

The appearance of a gorilla is peculiar. Its eyes are deeply buried beneath their arches; its jaws are large, and its great cutting teeth are always exposed to view. The neck is very short, the forehead flat, the ears small and on a line with the eyes; the nose is a mere protuberance. The chest and shoulders are extremely wide, and the immensely long muscular arms give the creature such strength that it can double up a gunbarrel like a piece of whalebone. The short legs make one of the characters which most distinguishes this animal from man. The hands are enormous in proportion, massive, thick and covered with hair; the foot is like the hand of a giant.

The Africans have a superstitious fear of the gorillas, believing them to be haunted with the spirits of their dead chiefs.

DARING HORSEMANSHIP.—"This morning," writes a St. Petersburg correspondent "I witnessed a wonderful display of horsemanship. It took place in the Petrofisky Park.

"Here, in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and most of the foreign officers and guests, the regiment of Cossack Guards went through an extraordinary series of exercises which threw the most daring feats of the circus into the shade.

"The entire regiment passed first at full gallop, in loose order, with many of the men standing upright in their saddles; others stood upon their heads with their legs in the air; many leaped upon the ground and then into the saddle again while going at full speed; some sprang over their horses' heads and picked up stones from the ground, and yet safely regained their seats at pleasure.

"While performing these feats, all the men were brandishing their sabres, and firing their pistols, throwing their carbines into the air and catching them again, and yelling like maniacs. Some went past in pairs, having a leg on each one of the horses, while one wild fellow carried off another dressed as a woman.

"The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as if the whole regiment had gone mad. Upon a signal given, the latter divided into two parts.

"One portion rode off to a given distance, then halted and made their horses lie down on the ground, the riders lying down beside them, waiting, as in war, the approach of the enemy. The other section then charged down upon them. In an instant every horse was on his feet, every rider in his saddle, and then, with a wild yell, they rode at the pretended foe.

"When the manœuvres were over, the regiment rode past, singing—uncommonly well together, too—a military chorus. Altogether, it was a marvellous exhibition of daring horsemanship, and one hardly know whether most to admire the docility and mettle of the steeds or the skill and courage of the riders. All the foreign officers and guests, as may be well imagined, were no less astonished than delighted."

LEAVES AS FODDER.—The elder and the ash are much valued by the Norwegian peasants, as furnishing fodder for their cattle during the long severe winter. In early October, just before the leaves change color, every farmer fills two or three of his barns with small branches cut from these trees; with this food the cows have to be content, for all the hay is required for the horses. The work of collecting and sorting these leafy branches is entrusted to old women and younger girls, the latter climbing up into the trees when necessary, and displaying as much agility and fearlessness as a school boy after a bird's nest.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer heals every disease peculiar to the scalp, and keeps the scalp cool and clean.

New Publications.

"Serapis" is the latest historical romance of George Ebers, translated from his German, by Clara Bell. It is a book most interesting to a large class of readers from two points. First, the story is attractive in itself, and more so from its value in giving so many little details of antiquity in such a charming manner. The period of the present tale is about three hundred years after Christ, and the principal scene Alexandria in Egypt. The title comes from the chief divinity of that locality. "Serapis" is a fine fancy picture of life in that day, complete in all details of intrigue, conversation, costumes, habits, etc. We heartily commend it as an entertaining book. Gottsberger, Publisher, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"The Duchess" who is entitled to rank among women-writers to the full extent of her pen-name has given to the world in one volume a number of excellent short stories. They are "In Durance Vile;" "A Week in Killarney;" "Moonshine and Marguerites;" "Dr. Ball;" and "A Fit of the Blues." Pure gold is none the worse for sometimes being in small nuggets, and short stories from the hand of "The Duchess" differ from her larger works merely in the matter of size. Lippincott, Publisher. Price 25 cents.

Those who are familiar with the works of Rosa Nouchette Carey will certainly take it for granted that her latest work "Robert Ord's Atonement," fully maintains her reputation for excellence. Of this story we can say as of her others, that it does not revel in the ultra-sensational or terrible, but by reflecting possible life and events in the mirror of its pages, conveys at once pleasure and improvement. No one will pronounce it a dull book and all will doubtless agree in its being a good one. Lippincott & Co. Price 25 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Among other good things *Arthur's Home Magazine* has the following contents for March: Frontispiece: "Which does she Marry?"; Dr. Samuel Johnson, Illustrated; How Flies Walk Up Glass, Illustrated; Paradise and Gold Fishes, Illustrated; Stories of the Mediterranean, Illustrated; My Wife's Deceased Sister, Illustrated; Prayer of the Brittany Fisherman, etc, and the various departments: Religious Reading; Boys' and Girls' Treasury; The Home Circle; The Temperance Cause; Housekeepers' Department; Evenings with the Poets; Mother's Department; Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework; Notes and Comments. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Phila., Pa.

In *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, Letters from Sonora, by John Heard, Jr., give a vivid and realistic picture of the semi-barbarous condition of the northern provinces of Mexico, with a government at once weak and oppressive, an ignorant and lawless population, natural resources that tempt the cupidity of foreign speculators, but no real industrial development or indications of progress. The Balla, by Marie L. Thompson, is a lively sketch, in which the position of the wet nurse in modern Italian families serves to illustrate some of the scenes in Romeo and Juliet. The New Orleans Exposition forms the subject of a paper by Edward C. Bruce. John P. Peters gives an interesting account of Babylonian Exploration, and T. F. Crane summarizes a recently published collection of Sicilian Proverbs. The Cosmopolitan, by Helen Gray Cone, is a good-natured parody of Henry James, and Tina's Holm' and The Devil's Own Luck, are fresh and pleasantly written stories. The third instalment of On this Side is as graphic and entertaining as the former numbers, and Miss Tucker's Aurora enters on a new phase while moving towards the denouement. The editorial departments are as well filled as usual. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

He is a good archer who fills the March *Quiver*, for its arrows are of the best materials, and short, straight and sure. The Lord Bishop of Rochester tells of the church work in South London, through the low haunts made memorable by the pen of Charles Dickens. The Rev. W. M. Statham gives the second of his Restful Talks in the Rush of Life. An anonymous author gives some interesting facts about Some Singular Steeples, with Illustrations, and the Dean of Denver, Colo., the Rev. Martyn Hart has a word to say about the Amalekites, Dr. John Stoughton's, Sunday Thoughts in Venice, are inspiring and instructive, while the venerable Arthur Gore, M.A., continues his history of The Growth of the New Testament, and the Rev. Horatius Bonar concludes his papers on The Marks of the Lord Jesus. Stories long and stories short and absorbing serials are to be found, all handsomely illustrated. Poetry and music lend variety to a most attractive number. Cassell & Co., New York, $1.50 a year.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Facetiæ.

Cold feet—Two feet of snow.

Persons who pick up a living—Miners.

What age is most deceiving? Sausage.

Who is the most popular military commander? Marshal Ardor.

When are kisses sweetest? When they are surreptitiously obtained.

Don't call a man a donkey, my son, because he won't hear to reason; but politely remind him that the man with the biggest ears is the least inclined to use them.

"My wife has run away from me," said an Arkansas gentleman. "That so?" remarked an acquaintance. "We can sympathize with each other, for I have just run away from my wife."

A farmer recently forwarded a letter to a neighboring town, requesting the postmaster to deliver it "to any respectable attorney." After ten days it was returned with the significant endorsement, "None here."

They had had a little party of guests at the house, and he remarked to his wife, as he was getting ready for bed, "that he flattered himself he had acted the part of host in rather a brilliant manner. "I can recall only one brilliant action of yours," she said. "Well—what was that?" "Lighting the gas."

"Father, what is a luxury?" asked little Johnnie the other night, as he wrapped himself round the parlor stove. "A luxury? Why, it's something we don't really need, you know—a thing we can do without." "Well, then," replied the logical young man, "what a luxury a mosquito-net must be in winter!"

A grand jury in the county of Tipperary once passed the following resolution—"Resolved: That the present jail is insufficient, and that another ought to be built. Resolved: That the materials of the old jail be employed in constructing the new one. Resolved: That the old jail shall not be torn down until the new one is finished."

A Parisian was walking with his little boy on the banks of the Seine, when the child slipped over the bank into the water, and would certainly have been drowned but for the courage of a man who was fishing, who jumped in and saved the boy. The father thanked him cordially, but asked him if he would add to the obligation, as he was already wet through, by swimming out for his son's cap.

"Pa, does the sausage come out of its hole on Candlemas Day and look around for its shadow so as to make an early spring? Ma says it does." "What are you talking about?" said the father to the little boy. "It is the ground-hog that comes out of his hole, not the sausage." "Well, ain't sausage ground hog?" and the little one went off on his roller-skates as though shot out of a gun.

The following anecdote, which appears in some late correspondence, supplies an amusing sequel to a well-known story: The majority of people know the story of a gentleman's asking Lord North who "that frightful woman was," and his lordship's answering, "that is my wife." The other, to repair his blunder, said, "I did not mean her, but that monster next to her." "Oh," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter." With this story Frederick Robinson, in his usual absent, enthusiastic way, was one day entertaining a lady whom he sat next to at dinner, and, lo! the lady was Lady Charlotte Lindsay—the "monster" in question.

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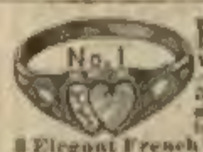

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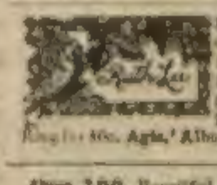

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MORNING and walking costumes are in simple, elegant, and rather severe styles; plush, either plain or broche, is used as in the two following specimens: The first has a skirt of bronze plush cut in scallops, bound with satin, and arranged in pleated panels at the sides and large pleats at the back; under the scallops is a pleating of bronze satin. The jacket is of plush, open to show the satin waistcoat fastened with gold drop buttons. The high collar and deep paraments are embroidered with gold. The skirt of the second costume is of myrtle green plush, open to show the satin waistcoat fastened with gold drop buttons. The high collar and the deep paraments are embroidered with gold. The skirt of the second costume is of myrtle green plush, cut in square tabs over several narrow fluted flounces of thick green sicilienne, and open in front to show a pleated faille underskirt. The jacket is of plush, with a pleated faille waistcoat.

Dark Orleans blue is a very fashionable shade for costumes and chapeaux; for instance, a costume of silk and woollen damasse in dark blue, with a design of peacocks' feathers, is made with a plain skirt bordered with a band of dark blue velvet fringed with real peacocks' feathers. The corsage is of velvet, crossed by a shoulder-belt of the feathers; the hat is also of blue velvet, with a band of the neck feathers round the crown, and a plume of blue ostrich with a peacocks' feather aigrette in front.

Moss green velvet and cloth, trimmed with gold braid and bands of brown fur, constitute another stylish costume; and a companion to this is in grey cloth and grey astrakan, with a high-crowned grey felt hat, lined with crimson velvet, and trimmed with grey and crimson feathers.

Sorties de bal are lined with plush or swansdown; many are made of white Indian cashmere, with very rich gold embroidery in Indian or Persian patterns. They are chiefly in visite form, but the most elegant models have long loose sleeves, with smaller ones to protect and cover the arms.

Velours frise is enormously used for the best woollen costumes—generally for the plain skirt with a tunic and corsage of plain material to match, but sometimes also for the polonaise. The striped varieties are less expensive than those with broche patterns. The stripes are of various widths, alternated with plain spaces of the same width, or they are arranged in groups of several very narrow stripes, which have a very good effect.

Striped silks and striped figured velvets are as fashionable as striped velours frise, and the newest and best kinds of these materials are the pekins in black satin and faille, or black velvet with colored silk stripes.

Plush, although perhaps less used, is too handsome and serviceable a material to be overlooked; bands of plush, in the same color as the woollen material they are destined to ornament, are placed on plain skirts and bordered with a narrow strip of astrakan.

At one of the numerous Fancy Dress Balls before the coming in of Lent, the following toilettes were present: Muse of Poetry: Under-dress of sky-blue satin, spotted with golden stars and looped with heavy gold cords and tassels; corsage of yellow satin, embroidered in subdued colors; a gold necklet and long white faille veil covered with gold stars, surmounted by a gold crown, while the hair is left flowing.

Alsatian Peasant: Blue skirt embroidered in gold and quite short, showing red stockings and black slippers, with huge bows of velvet thickly dotted with gold beads. Peasant waists of black velvet over a white muslin high body and long sleeves, the waist laced with gold cord.

Spanish Peasant: Short skirt of blue trimmed with red, red stockings and slippers; high close body of white with a peasant waist of blue; blue cap with red and gold tassel.

Swiss Peasant: Scarlet satin petticoat, black silk hose, scarlet satin slippers; black velvet waist with round, half-low neck, with silver-dotted lace edging it, and drawn close about the throat, finished with a silver ruching, the bodice closed with silver buttons; silver bangles on the arms; a high black hat with silver spears for ornament.

A Spanish costume is of purple silk and black velvet; skirt of gold: waist and embroidered band on skirt of black velvet; profuse trimmings of gold lace, buttons, and cords, and tassels; black shoes with high arched instops, laced with gold cord and tassels, black silk hose embroidered in gold.

Roman Costume: Yellow satin skirt, the top laid in broad plaits, the bottom trimmed with black lace flouncing, three rows one above the other put on almost plain. A plain corsage of white satin with narrow bands of gold satin each side of the front, which is closed with gold buttons. A blue polka jacket with sleeves, the jacket edged all around; deep epaulets and sleeves edged with a deep netted gold fringe. A red sash in loose folds tied at the back in loops and ends, red stockings; gold satin slippers, the hair all bunched high at the back of the head, and held with a gold comb with immensely high back.

Harvest is a dress of sky-blue embroidered with golden wheat; a pointed apron front is embroidered with dahlias and other autumn flowers, sash of blue ribbon is tied at the left with a sheaf of wheat suspended from the loops, the sleeves are caught on the shoulders with oats; a wreath of wheat, oats and grasses on the hair.

Highland Costume: Skirt of Scotch plaid bound with brown velveteen; tunic of plaid, with sporran and leather belt. Brown velveteen bodice, with revers and centre of sleeves of brown cashmere, scarf of bright plaid fastened on the shoulder by a genuine Scotch cairngorn brooch; a Scotch bonnet or cap, with bright wing feathers and ornament on the left side. Bright plaid hose, brown shoes foxed and striped with black leather.

Among the "peasants" we should have given the "Hessian," suitable for a very young lady: White skirt of tucked muslin made very full and attached to a black velvet peasant waist, profusely embroidered with gold and silver beads, laced with gold cord, across a stomacher of white, a kerchief of gold netting, edged with fringe, and a black velvet hat, with high peaked crown, pointed in front over the forehead; a puff of white Swiss covering it finishes this quaint dress. An embroidered black silk apron may be added if worn by an older person.

Electricity has a skirt of electric blue silk dotted with white chenille; a tunic of pale-pink silk cut in deep Vandykes and bound with gold braid, lightning marks in gold silk embroidery over this drapery. Blue satin bodice with sleeves and puffings of blue silk, shotted with white; small electric machine on the head, from which falls an electric blue gossamer veil.

Astronomy has a skirt of pale pink and blue shotted silk, embroidered with a gold sun and an astronomical instrument. The train and bodice are two shades of blue embroidered with stars and crescents. Full plastron and sleeves of gold-colored silk embroidered with silver stars. Cone-shaped head-dress of pale-blue silk with brim of dark-blue velvet, and trimmed with a gold aigrette and silver star. Veil of white gauze spotted with chenille is passed over the crown, falling over the shoulders.

Cards: White cashmere dress painted with clubs and spades (or the same appliqued), two deep flounces bound with black satin, ornamented with diamonds (in red) edged with gold cord. Drapery (or tunic) and sleeves of yellow satin embroidered with clubs and spades; a large red heart forms a plastron upon black satin, and diamonds dot the sleeves; necklace of black velvet with alternate diamonds, spades, clubs and hearts pasted upon it; black velvet hat with an aigrette of cards held by a gilt hand.

Oriental Lady: Trousers of red satin brocaded with gold color, drawn in with an elastic band above the ankle and finished with chenille fringe; petticoat of white cashmere embroidered with gold and edged with gold fringe, pointed bodice of green satin embroidered with gold; zouave jacket embroidered the same, veil of embroidered gauze, with coronet of pearls, embroidered silk stockings, gold-colored satin shoes. White leather with gold handle.

Fireside Chat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WORK-BAGS of varied size and shape seem to be unusually popular this winter, and a large assortment in plush and silk, satin merveilleux, and velveteen, are already on view in leading stores. As a great number of country subscribers to THE POST are inquiring for novelties they can make at home for presents, some particulars and suggestions about these bags may be of use. Plush is certainly the favorite material, and looks richer than any other. The long purse work-bags of plush, measuring one yard long and one and a half yards wide, are now made with one end square and the other round, the latter being gathered up, and finished off with a cluster of loops of narrow ribbon. The lining is usually of Surat, and the ring, passing over the centre of bone, closely over-worked with colored silk; the slit down the centre extends 14in.

The Bulgarian embroidered chair cloths on rough cotton crepe, which are now tolerably inexpensive from the immense quantity recently imported, are now used for forming the two ends of these long bags, and look very well. They are cut into two pieces, with the principal part of the cloth removed, the embroidery being folded in half and laid on to the length of satin, forming the bag. Sequins are sewn on to the ends, and a few added to the encircling ring. Satin is used for the foundation of the embroidery. The circular bags of plush or velveteen lined with Surat, and edged with lace, have taken the place of those made from silk square handkerchiefs, recently so fashionable. First cut a circular piece 18in. to 22in. in diameter, according to the width of material and the size required, and then join on a straight piece, about 4in. wide, of Surat, edging this with lace. A drawstring is placed inside all around on the join. The string should be of tolerably wide satin ribbon, two yards in length, finished off in a smart bow. The effect of the soft overhanging edge is very graceful with its lace fall. The same style of bag can be made with fancy cretonne and a plain colored edge, or brown holland with a border of red Turkey twill, and a full of deep-tinted lace and drawstrings of red ribbon.

A third variety resembles a small carpet bag in form, the foundation being frequently composed of a long-shaped cardboard box, measuring 4in. or 5in. wide and 10in. to 12in long, lined inside first, then covered neatly outside with plush, and then joined on to the bag itself, the whole being of plush, with a drawstring round the top. Some useful, inexpensive bags of cretonne are made thus: First cut out two pieces of stout cardboard 8in. square, and round off two of the corners; cover these, back and front, with cretonne to form the sides of the bag, the rounded ends being downwards. Cut a strip of cretonne 11in. wide and 40in. long; join this on to the two covered pieces, gathering both sides, binding it all round the top with ribbon, and sewing on small gilt rings at distances for the drawstring to pass through. Thus the back is made, but to render it still more useful, add a flap of cretonne to the cardboard forming the back of the bag, and some pieces of flannel beneath filled with needles. To the front piece of cardboard add a small pocket, which is made by cutting out a piece of cretonne 11in. long (including the hem at the top) and 14 in. wide, shaping it to the cardboard and sewing it on with fulness. An elastic is run into the hem at the top. Thus, when hanging up against anything, a little bag appears in the middle of a large one, and the whole, when filled, presents rather the appearance of a large red pumpkin. No lining is required. These bags are easy and quick to make, and are constantly seen hanging by the side of the fireplace, placed conveniently to an old lady's chair, and filled with odds and ends of work and wools.

Plush mats, for standing under lamps, are made 9in. square, edged all round with a narrow gold cord (Japanese twisted gold), and finished off at each end with a silk tassel matching the mat, or a pompon. Red, old-gold, and moss-green are the three favorite colors; the lining is of cretonne. Small pairs of bellows covered in velvet, velveteen, plush, or serge, plain, or with an appliqued bird or flower on the front side, are much appreciated as gifts. The bellows of uncolored wood are to be had for a trifling amount, and the material required for covering does not cost much. Cut out the material the shape of the bellows, but a trifle larger, just allowing sufficient for turning in, and sewing to the latter all round the edge. First tack it, and then neatly sew over, fitting it into the leather forming the base of the bellows; some care is necessary for sewing together the pieces left for covering the handles at the top. When the material is all on, add a strap of ribbon, for keeping the handles together, with a bow to one side, and a loop at the back for suspending them against the wall. In plush, these bellows are most ornamental.

Flour tubs are now covered with plush, or any effective foreign embroidery, the lid being padded and raised, to use as a pincushion, and trimmed round with feather trimming or thick lace. The wooden handle, which is usually very stiff, is removed, and three silken cords plaited, are substituted. Velvet ribbon reins are novel, sewn on to broad elastic. They are joined on to a little breastplate of velvet or velveteen, with the name of the little recipient worked across. Four or five small gilt bells are placed in a row, each one set in a ring of raised button-holing, worked over a cord frame. Flower-pot covers composed of a square handkerchief, gathered round the top, with the corners turned over to form four points, are very pretty, and are now to be seen about a room and on a dinner table in various colors and sizes. They are gathered on to a circular cardboard foundation, on which the flowerpot stands. In plush or satin, with a monogram embroidered in one corner, they are most attractive. Fancy silk handkerchiefs are frequently turned over common straw wall baskets with three points showing, the centre being the longest.

Jam pots, on the breakfast table, are now roughly painted with the fruit of which the jam is composed. A cluster of cherries, a spray of raspberries, &c., are laid on with a few touches. The painting is in oils, afterwards varnished. Table napkin rings, of satin made over cardboard, are frequently seen in the various plates with a different flower painted on each; and the tea and coffee cosies are sometimes an amalgamation of all. Brackets in the shape of a fan, with the edge going straight across the centre, look well if first painted one color and then decorated with a spray of flowers.

Correspondence.

B. S.—Send it by express.

R.—"Upwards of 2,000,000" means "more than 2,000,000."

J. H. C.—The longest verse in the Bible is Esther, viii: 9.

A. R. G.—We cannot inform you where the coins in your possession can be sold.

PET.—If a man is insured for his own benefit his administrator collects the money, and it is distributed like the rest of his estate—one-third to the widow and two-thirds to the children.

W. D. P.—The first twelve months succeeding the birth of Christ was the year one. The first century was complete with the year 100. The nineteenth century will be complete with the year 1900. The twentieth century will begin January 1, 1901.

TIMES.—A *capias* is a writ by which a civil suit for money can sometimes be begun. When the Sheriff arrests the defendant under such a writ a Magistrate cannot interfere; unless the Court out of which the writ issues discharges him the defendant must either give bail to the action or go to prison.

LILY.—It depends very much upon circumstances; for instance, if you were walking with a friend who met an intimate friend, you might stop, naturally expecting to be introduced; but if you were with a mere acquaintance who met a friend, it might be advisable to walk on. In such matters there is no fixed rule; tact must be the only guide.

R. B.—After accompanying a lady home from church or a place of amusement, you should not ask her to allow you to call again, as it is likely that if she has found your company acceptable, she will give you an invitation to do so. 2. The motto "Dieu et mon droit" signifies "God and my right." It originated as the parole of Richard I. at the battle of Gisors, France, 1198, A.D.

B. L. G.—All photographs are taken on sensitive paper. Plans of buildings are usually copied by quite another process. What is called "blue prints" are taken. The paper, which can be bought prepared for the purpose, is exposed to the sun, with the tracing to be copied placed above it. The action of the sun turns the surface of the paper blue, except where protected by the ink lines of the tracing. Thus a copy with white lines on a blue ground is made.

E. N. G.—The question as to the propriety of taking a cold bath before breakfast in the winter months is one which each individual must answer for himself. There are but two ways of reaching a conclusion. The one is to ask a sensible doctor who knows your constitution, the other is to try the experiment under proper conditions and be guided by the results. If a person, who is without any disease of the heart or circulatory system, sips his body for a moment in cold water, and then rubs it vigorously with towels in an atmosphere warmer than the water, he will usually feel the glow of reaction which proves benefit. But too great weakness and exhaustion, too cold a room, or a sensation of greater dread than usual at the operation, are indications against a cold bath. The person who stays five minutes in cold water in the winter had need be made of iron.

READER.—Lucrezia Borgia was a daughter of Alexander VI., and sister of Cesare Borgia. Her story is too much mixed up with the horrible and unspeakable intrigues of the sixteenth century in Italy to admit of its being related in full here. It must suffice to say that, after having been betrothed to one man and married to another, her marriage was annulled by her father, who handed her over in turn to a son of the King of Naples. Two years afterwards her husband was assassinated—it is believed by order of her brother Cesare Borgia. She was next married to Alfonso of Este, a son of the Duke of Ferrara. Her conduct in many ways was open to the most serious censure; and, though the famous opera has been founded upon the romantic portions of her strange and repulsive history, she cannot be conscientiously held up as a model for universal imitation. In fact, the less known about her the better.

UNWORTHY.—You are engaged to a man with whom you have been long in love; and now some of your friends have positively made the appalling discovery that he is not handsome! What a terrible defect; and what a pity these obliging friends did not keep their valuable discovery entirely to themselves! Seriously, we do not think "a nice face" matters very much in the choice of a husband. You say he is tall and well made and exceedingly intelligent. Now we can understand any girl having a reasonable objection to marrying a dunce; and, if we were in the same place, we should confess to a lingering prejudice against an extremely undersized or misshapen specimen of humanity—though even in this case we have known a great many favorable exceptions; but, as to breaking off an engagement with a person of "generous manliness" simply because his features are not precisely those of a Greek statue, why! in the name of the male sex generally, we must emphatically protest against it! Think no more of what your friends say, and do not for so little break with a tried lover, whose happiness, according to your own account, is wholly bound up in you. Forget all about these meddlesome friends, and you will soon find your old feelings have returned.

G. M. A.—You wish to know whether there is any truth in the old story of Pope Joan. Probably not. The tale is an exploded mediæval one, and was once widely believed; but modern criticism has not succeeded in discovering any tangible foundation for the curious myth. It is most likely that Pope Joan was a popular Italian invention designed to cast ridicule upon the Papacy in the days of its worst alleged prodigacy. Many stories having this object in view were current in Rome during the middle ages; and Pasquin, the inanimate Roman satirist—the statue on whose base the popular lampoons were usually fastened—was never tired of directing his sarcasms against the Papal government and the real or supposed vices of the Vatican. It was in some such way, no doubt, that the myth of Pope Joan first arose; and it obtained credit, we may be pretty sure, through the universal tendency of mankind to believe readily any scandal against those superior to them in position, and especially against their spiritual pastors and masters. It has likewise been too readily believed in Protestant countries, perhaps on the general principle that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. Could anything be more piquant than the story of a woman having been made Pope? And could anything be more improbable?